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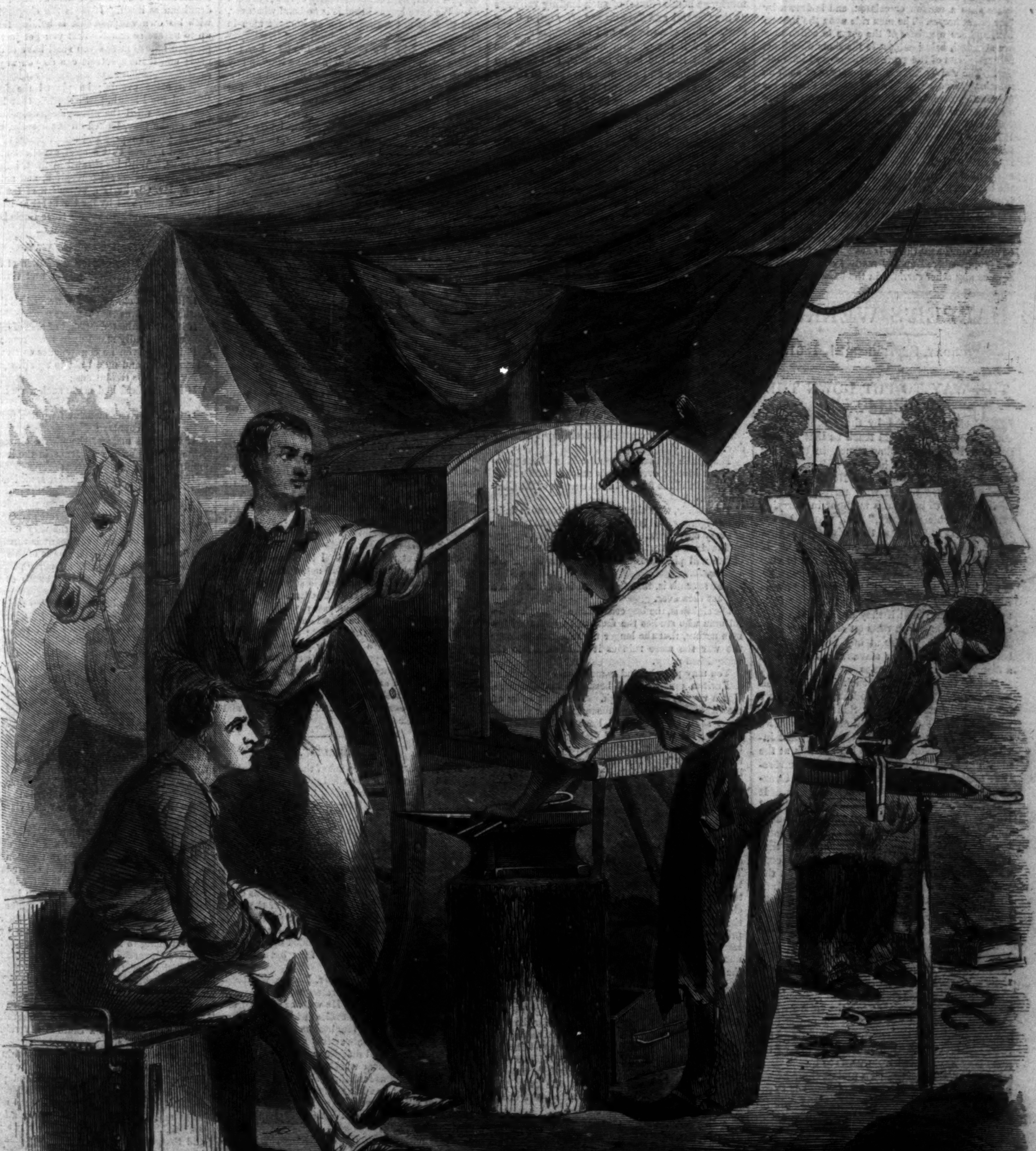


THE ARMY FORGE.—[See next Page.]

THE ARMY FORGE IN CAMP.

Among the many appliances necessary to a complete battery of artillery or corps of cavalry in the field, none is more interesting or picturesque than the Army Forge, a drawing of which we give on the previous page. It consists of a four-wheel carriage, containing in its various compartments all the tools and implements necessary for the outfit of a blacksmith, and can be set up and made ready for operation in the time necessary to cut a block of wood large enough to answer the purpose of a base for the anvil. The front portion, or *limber*, is precisely the same as the limber of the cannon or caisson, being simply a box about four feet long by two in width, in which is carried the anvil, tongs, and other implements, together with a limited supply of iron, etc., necessary for immediate use. On the rear wheels is mounted a box, in which is contained the bellows, worked by a lever on the outside. In front of this, and on the same platform, is a cast-iron ash-pan for the fire, from which rises a sheet-iron apron or back. On the stock is a vice large enough and of sufficient strength for all ordinary purposes. Back of the box is a receptacle for coal, which is strapped fast, but can be removed at pleasure. The whole is arranged in a very compact form, and when on the road occupies no more space than a cannon or caisson, and is drawn by four or six horses. The men ride upon the limber-box, and are members of the corps to which they are attached, being subject to the same discipline, and recipients of the same privileges and immunities. The convenience and advantage of such an attachment is obvious. Let us suppose that on the march a cannon, in crossing a ditch or traversing a rough road, is disabled by the breaking of some portion of the iron or wood work of the carriage. It is drawn to one side, the forge drives up, is unlimbered, and in less time than it takes to describe it, a smithy is improvised, a fire kindled, and the accident remedied without delay to the balance of the battery. When in camp a quiet sheltered spot is selected, and here the forge is unlimbered and the smiths set at work shoeing horses and repairing damages during the intervals of drill and discipline. In case of a sudden attack or the necessity of rapid movement the tools are gathered together, the forge limbered up and ready for the march as soon as any other carriage in the battery.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 21, 1861.

THE WAY TO PUT DOWN THE REBELLION.

THE effect produced by the capture of the Hatteras forts should teach us that this expedition has been a blow struck in the right quarter. It seems to have spread consternation throughout Virginia and North Carolina. The papers are frantic with terror, and urge their readers to lose not a moment in hurrying their "portable property," *i. e.*, slaves, to the interior. It is very easy to advise this hegira, but it will be difficult to act on the advice. If the planters of the whole sea-board are to convey their "portable property" into the interior, it will be cheaper to give that "property" away. Slaves can not be conveniently fed away from the plantations; and if they are idle, the agricultural system which rests on slave labor must go to the wall. Peace at any price would be better for the Southern slaveowners than such a disturbance of their homes.

But if the blow thus struck is to have this salutary effect, it must be followed up. There are other inlets—north of South Carolina—which should be occupied and closed up. Two or three points on the South Carolina coast invite early attention: a sharp blow struck at the mouth of the Port Royal River would be severely felt. The same is true of the coast of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. It is not necessary that permanent landings should be effected. A point might be occupied to-day, and evacuated as soon as the enemy had gathered in force to resist the occupation. All that is necessary is that the rebels should be convinced of the inconvenience of carrying on the war; this can be best impressed on their minds by the manœuvres of a flying squadron, here to-day, elsewhere to-morrow, every where swift, resistless, terrible, and full of danger to "portable property." A few months of this *régime* would convince the substantial men of the South that they had gained nothing by throwing off their allegiance to the Union.

If our leaders are guided by the principles of common sense they will attack the enemy where they are weak and not where they are strong. To march against their entrenchments and expose our infantry to the murderous fire of the guns they have stolen from us, is to attack them where they are strong. To molest their homes and jeopard their "personal property" is to attack them where they are weak. The Administration has now to choose between the two methods.

THE NATIONAL LOAN.

By the time these lines are before the public the new United States Treasury Notes, bearing $7\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. annual interest, will be offered for sale throughout the loyal region. We expect that they will be freely subscribed for.

There are several reasons why these Treasury Notes should be liberally taken.

In the first place, patriotism requires it. The present atrocious rebellion can not be put down without money. Money can not be had except by general subscriptions to these Treasury Notes. If they are not taken, the republic is gone, and all the interests of which it is the safeguard are worthless. We have no country, in fact, unless this rebellion is suppressed, or, in other words, unless the means of suppressing it are provided by the people. Every man who loves the Union, who desires to see it last, who has any property to be injured by the prevalence of anarchy among us, or who has any love for the old memories, the old flag, and the old nation, will best testify his regard for them by subscribing—to the extent of his means—to the United States Treasury Notes.

And, secondly, interest prompts to the general investment of money in these Treasury Notes. They offer an income of $7\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. on the sum invested. Savings Banks offer 5 and 6 per cent. Such stocks as those of New York State, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York City, Boston, etc., offer only $5\frac{1}{2}$ or 6 per cent. The mortgage bonds (firsts) of such leading railways as the Central and Erie do not offer quite 6 per cent. First-class bonds and mortgages only offer 7, and if the creditor wants his money, he must wait till the bond matures, and then go through a long and expensive lawsuit to obtain it. There is no investment in the market which offers as large an income as $7\frac{3}{10}$ per cent., with a reasonable security.

If, therefore, the people of the United States are patriotic, or if they are thrifty, they will take the new Treasury Notes. We believe they are both, and we therefore expect that before the award of the second installment of fifty millions the whole of the first fifty will be placed.

THE LOUNGER.

POSTING THE BOOKS.

If Jefferson Davis is dead, it is only one of many recent facts which must make sober men who are engaged in the rebellion sadly skeptical of their future.

The first is, that with such a tremendous start they have gone no further.

The second is, that their greatest success in the field was unknown to them at the time, so dearly did it cost them, and has not been of the slightest service since.

The third is, that the division at the North, upon which they securely counted, is more hopeless every day.

The fourth is, that the eager taking of the popular loan invests every man's private interest and the welfare of his family in the success of the Government.

The fifth is, that the Government becomes daily more vigorous, and is enabled to secure the triumph of every movement.

The sixth is, that the want of various necessities of life will pinch more sharply as the winter advances.

The seventh is, that the cotton is further from a market then ever.

The eighth is, the deep conviction of every thoughtful man who studies the facts and who knows human nature, that the longer the rebellion prolongs the war the more ruinous it will become to the vanquished party.

You may push on and name as many reasons as a Puritan preacher had heads to his discourse. But a very few are enough. The great body of the citizens who wish and mean that their Government shall be maintained have no intention of dividing the country or of yielding their constitutional rights to an armed faction. If that faction can overthrow the Government it will establish itself over the whole country. As that inevitable result becomes more and more evident, the rebels can easily understand the scope of the task they have set themselves. They can readily infer whether the loyal citizens of the land are likely to give it up without a struggle such as history does not record. They can see and feel whether there are any signs of fatigue or failure upon our side. They can ask themselves, if their victories are to be of the Bull Run kind, how soon they are like to succeed in ruining our system. With their coast closing—with our forces threatening and touching them upon the East and West—with their best privateers gone, and no more possible—with their leader dead (if it be so)—with the whole country unanimous and fully aroused against them—with the hope of English and French interference growing daily dimmer—with their resources of every kind constantly diminishing, their credit gone, their money spent, and winter settling upon them, they may post the Ledger of Rebellion for the year upon the 20th of December—the anniversary of South Carolina secession—or they may strike the balance for the half year since the President's proclamation to October 15, and even the famous financier Cobb would tell them, if he spoke truly, that the concern was bankrupt, dishonored, and dead.

A LETTER TO ENGLAND: NOT BY AN LL.D.

My dear Friend,—I have at length succeeded in quietly making up my mind that it is useless to expect any Englishman to understand our war. It would seem, at first blush, that people whose ancestors have always been engaged in civil war might easily see that a civil war here, of itself, neither proved nor disproved any thing. Your Jacobite troubles, the rising of '45, and the march of Prince Charlie upon Edinburgh, were not held, I believe, to prove the English system a failure, nor show that a monarchy is inadequate either to prevent or repress disaffection, treason, and rebellion. Cromwell's absolute success might have been considered tolerably strong evidence—but King Charles came back again. The landing and march of Monmouth is not—in this country, at least—supposed to be a valid argument against monarchy; nor the expulsion of James, and happy coronation of the Dutch Prince as English King.

This nation is now, as yours has been constantly, engaged in civil war. The Government is maintaining itself against armed rebels, assisted by those who dare every thing but fighting against their country. You in England tranquilly sneer, and say to us, "Why don't you give it up? Why don't you let them have their way? Your principle is that people shall do as they want to."

No, my friend, you mistake. Your principle in England, I believe, is that every body shall do as he wants to, subject to the Constitution of England. Ours in America is precisely the same: with this advantage, that we know what our Constitution is, and you do not know what yours is, for it is only a series of precedents. The American principle is not individual license, it is Constitutional liberty; and we had always supposed that of England to be the same. We had supposed, farther, that that community of political faith and practice was the deepest bond, with our community of race, between us. We have learned that it is no bond whatever, and there is not a thoughtful or humane man in the country who does not deeply regret it.

You ask, why we don't give it up? For the same reason that England didn't give it up in any of her civil wars—the necessity of national unity.

You ask, why we don't let the rebels go? For the same reason that you would not let London go, or Wales, or the County of Kent, even if a majority of those parts of England should seriously wish to go. For the same reason, nationally, that would prevent you, individually, from suffering your body to be cut into two, or three, or thirty-four pieces.

If London or Yorkshire should defy the English Government, we should do exactly what you have done, if we should declare you and those rebels equally belligerents, and hold ourselves neutral, and in every way sneer at the blundering crash of the impossible English monarchy, which from its beginning has been only awaiting this day. We might have sent sensation reporters to describe battles they did not see. We might have jeered that, if the English Government were waging a war for the miners or the factory operatives, we could have had some sympathy, but a purely political war was perfectly dreary, and futile, and stupid. If you said to us that the surest and most radical reforms of every kind were dependent upon order and government, while every man's life, liberty, and property were imperiled by anarchy, we might have stared at you, and said: "I dare say; but you've made your bed, and you mustn't squirm at lying in it."

These things, *mutatis mutandis*, you have done and do. Of course it is not every Englishman who says or thinks so. It is not every newspaper; for your *Daily News*, and *Star*, and others have been no less eloquent in their statement than just in their appreciation of the case. But the great mass of the journals that we see in this country, and the official *voice* of your Government, all speak in this strain. We are painfully sensitive, I allow, to English criticism. Mr. Roebuck's late sneer at us is not without reason. But I think that you, or any other intelligent man, will not, upon reflection, find it to be altogether an ignoble susceptibility.

This younger nation, striking for liberty under law, had hoped for your sympathy. Doubtless we forgot that you might be unable at first to understand the bearings of the contest; and many of us were sure that, when you saw just how it was, your hesitating, deprecating, or worse tone would change. In that we have been disappointed. But I think that you are the losers. I think that you must feel very rich when you can afford to lose so lightly the treasure of a nation's sympathy and good-will. Good-by.

A NEW COMEDIAN.

It is interesting to step out of the whirl of public affairs and look into an entirely different world, as one could in the last fortnight, by stepping out of Broadway into the Winter Garden. Mr. Clarke has been playing there. You do not know the name of course. But had you passed an hour in the theatre you would never have forgotten it.

Mr. Clarke is a dramatic artist of unquestionable genius. He is a comic actor; but it is not genteel comedy, nor broad comedy, nor grotesque comedy, nor farcical comedy that he plays, but joyous comedy; joyous, elegant, intellectual, and of the most delicate, sensitive, pure humor. The purity of his comedy is as remarkable as the same quality in Dickens or Irving. It is not clouded with a moral purpose: it is fun for the sake of fun; but so human that the moral effect is sure.

Our late great comedian, Mr. Burton, was properly a *farceur*. He was grotesque. He was, in the good sense, a clown. He was one of the drollest men possible. No "Toodles" will ever excite so much and so continued laughter as Burton's. But he was not a consummate artist. You did not have that rare, intellectual delight in seeing him which is the greatest charm whether of tragic or comic acting. There was sometimes almost an after-taste of disgust. Yet he was one of the most truly amusing actors who has ever played in New York; and he may be mentioned with Mr. Clarke simply to indicate a difference.

The remarkable quality of this gentleman's acting is its naturalness. Of course it is the naturalness of genius, but a genius of acute perception. No part could prove it more than that of Toodles. There are but two scenes in that sketch. The first is the interview between Mr. and Mrs. Toodles and the sailor; the other is the drunken scene. In the first you, who have been used to Burton's unctuous extravaganza, will be so surprised and delighted to find that it is possible to give an equally good and entirely new rendering of the flimsy part, will look on with sober and incredulous amusement. The famous P in Thompson passes unseen; but when Mrs. Toodles begins to tell the story "he *had* a brother," and proceeds to hang him upon the fore-yard of the rudder, Mr. Clarke's Toodles is unspeakably droll. The aching agony of merriment which overpowers him—which makes him bend and double himself with his back to the audience, while every particle of his frame is as drunk with laughter as it is in the next scene with liquor, is one of the most comical scenes conceivable.

Then he is the best drunken man that was ever seen. There is a law even in the whim and incapacity of intoxication, and Mr. Clarke's Toodles is strictly bound by it. The deliciously funny drunkenness of Burton was directly addressed to the spectator. He poked the fun at you. Clarke's is in the nature of things. He is too drunk to have any consciousness of observation, except the glimmering sense of absurdity and strain at dignity which a drunken man, who is not a mere sot, always has. It is not so laughable as it is true. Therefore, as a drunken man is not, with all the involuntary ludicrousness of his conduct, altogether funny, but rather the cause of sobriety in the spectator, so you look at this man with a smile in your eyes, indeed, but a tear and sense of shame close behind. Burton's Toodles made believe drunk; but Clarke's is drunkenness itself. It beats the eloquent Gough with his own weapons. It is holding the mirror up to nature so exactly that you get just the impression nature means you shall have of drunkenness; and if the spectacle can do you any good—*voila!*

The same evening he played the farmer in "Speed the Plough." Supposing that he would not appear until the after-piece, we, who had no bills of the play, looked on incuriously, until the hearty, joyous repose and completeness of the personation showed that a most excellent artist was before us. With his shrewd instinct, infinite play of humor, intellectual perception, and natural elegance, Mr. Clarke is a comedian of the best and purest school, and by far the finest artist that has been seen upon those boards since Rachel.

THE IFS IN THE WAY.

If the late Democratic Convention at Syracuse had adopted as its platform the first three resolutions of its committee;

If it had not elaborately destroyed all their force by the resolutions that follow;

If it had nominated a ticket of men of all parties, who would gladly stand upon those resolutions;

If it had given no countenance to treason, and no sympathy and moral aid to rebellion, as it did in several of its resolutions;

If Mr. Redfield had made such a speech as Mr. Ogden made;

If it had for one moment forgotten party in devotion to the country;

If the great mass of thoughtful citizens in the State had profound confidence in the leaders who manipulated the Convention;

If they could forget why these same leaders have lost the political control of the State;

If they could forget that these same leaders are using the war to play a desperate game for the ascendency of their party at the very moment that the existence of the Government is threatened;

If the great mass of the people of this State had not resolved to repudiate all party purpose, postpone all party action, and renounce every party name; and,

If those people had not made up their minds to intrust the government of this State at the next election to men who believe that traitors are the worst of enemies, not friends in disguise, and who are therefore bent upon repressing the rebellion unconditionally and finally, why then there might be some chance that the purely partisan ticket of the late Democratic Convention would get several votes.

SELECT VARIETIES OF TREASON.

That Governor Magoffin, of Kentucky, is a friend of Mr. Breckinridge of the same State, is fully proved by the message the former has recently sent to the Legislature. The principle which controls the action of both of them is that you must serve the enemy in the best way that circumstances allow.

If, for instance, you are an editor in New York, you must fill your paper with a loud outcry over the horrors of war, omitting to mention what and who began war, and so enforced either submission or resistance. If you are a Senator in Congress, you are to remember that you can help the conspiracy more by remaining and denouncing the motives of those who are defending their Government from destruction, than you can by packing up and going to Richmond where you belong. If you are Governor of a State, you are to refuse the requisitions of the National Administration because you call them unconstitutional. You are to declare your State neutral, while you give all possible sympathy and aid to the rebellion; and, finally, you are to assume and state the essential absurdity of secession, that a State is sovereign against the United States.

These are the parts for traitors within our lines to play. These are the parts they are playing and have played. This is the Maryland philosophy which assumes that the rebellion is successful, that the Union is gone, that every State may follow when and where it pleases (which is a logical and undeniable consequence of the other two positions), and that Maryland, to secure the commercial supremacy to which Baltimore is entitled, ought to go with the rebels.

They are assertions which force upon every honest mind the conviction that the National Government, within its sphere, is absolutely supreme over all the citizens, or it is not. If it be so, there is no such thing as State independence and neutrality, any more than county, or town, or individual neutrality. If it be not, the laws of the United States are waste paper and its Government moonshine.

Either that Government bears authoritatively upon every individual citizen in regard to the interests of the whole country, or it operates "by your leave," and when you do not choose to obey, the Government, so far as you are concerned, is at an end.

The Kentucky and Maryland theory is absolutely the theory of Jeff Davis and the conspirators; and the ninth resolution of the partisan Democratic Convention in this State is like unto it. The war, thank Heaven! will clear up all that cloud. We shall come out of it a strong, united, undisputed and indisputable *nation;* or we shall come out of it a loose group of States that do not know whether they compose a nation or whether they are partners at pleasure. Absolute nationality or anarchy will be the result of the war.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MRS. ROCHEFOUCAULD'S MAXIMS.

BEARDLESS youths are most prone to arrogance and self-sufficiency. As they grow older their whiskers cover a great deal of their cheek.

Men should never choose a flirt for a wife, be she fair as Venus. The sagacious housewife avoids the fruit that has its bloom off.

It is difficult to hide one's vanity; but it is more difficult still to wear it gracefully.

Refinement covers a multitude of improprieties.

Some women blush to prove that they have a little modesty left.

When a female friend asks your advice about a lover say that he is not worthy of her, and counsel her to reject him. She will vastly relish the compliment you pay her, and the lover may fall to your lot into the bargain.

Tears are a woman's best and most convincing reasons.

A looking-glass never pays compliments, but it enables us to win them.

We are "very happy to see" people whom we detest, and "very much obliged" to persons whose favors are nuisances. We return thanks for the kind inquiries of acquaintance who have not the least interest in us, and whom we rather dislike than otherwise.

A woman will tell a secret to *you*, "because *you're* different"—but to nobody else.

We trample upon our fallen sisters to show the world how firm of foot we are ourselves.

Time is our bitterest enemy. He makes us wear caps.

Children are mile-stones that tell the world the distance a woman has traveled from her youth.

HOW THREE FISHERS WENT SALERING.

Three Mothers sat talking who lived at the West—
The West end—as that eldest son went down,
Each thought him the husband that she liked the best,
For the girl who had watched him all over the Town.
For men must pay or women will weep—
And their dress is expensive, and many to keep,
And their Mothers are always wo-o-ning.

Three gentlemen lounged at their club-house door,
And they thought of those girls as the funds went down;
They thought of their bankers and thought them a bore,
And of bills that came rolling in "ragged and brown."
But men must pay or women will weep—
Though debts be pressing—still Mothers are deep,
And keep up a constant wo-o-ning.

Three gentlemen lay in three separate cells—
The last season's "necessities" pulled them down—
And the women are weeping and ringing their bells,
For those who will never more show upon Town,
For men must pay or women will weep,
And the sooner you do it the sooner you'll sleep,
And good-by to the Ma' and her wo-o-nings.

A JOKE PICKED UP NEAR ST. GEORGE'S.—What is the difference between the Bridegroom at a wedding and the Pot-boy at a "Public?" Why, the one is in a Hy-meneal, and the other, don't you see, is in a low-menial position.

"LADIES' LIGHT DRESSES."—From the frequency with which it takes fire, we should say that Crinoline was entitled to be called, *par excellence*, "The Lady's Light Dress."

A little boy had lived for some time with a very penurious uncle, who was one day walking out, with the child at his side, when a friend accosted him, accompanied by a greyhound. The little fellow, never having seen a dog of so slim and slight a texture, clasped the creature round the neck with the impassioned cry, "Oh, doggie, doggie! and div ye live wi' your uncle, tae, that you are so thin?"

A sailor who had served on board the *Romney*, with Sir Home Popham, after returning home from India, finding that wigs were all in fashion, bespoke a red one, which he sported at Portsmouth, to the great surprise of his companions. On being asked the cause of the change of color in his hair, he said it was occasioned by his bathing in the Red Sea.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

My first is a bit of butter,
My next a bit of mutton,
My whole is a little matter
Not bigger than a button.

Button.

If I were to bite off the end of your nose, what would the laws of the land compel me to do?
To keep the piece (peace).

When do the teeth usurp the tongue's prerogative?
When they are chattering.

Why ought the stars to be the best astronomers?
Because they have studied (studded) the heavens ever since creation.

Who took in the first newspaper?
Cain; he took a Bell's Life (Abel's life).

Why are your feet like olden tales?
Because they are legends (leg ends).

When is salt butter like Irish children?
When it is made into little pats.

I'm a word that is made of three vowels alone,
And is backward and forward the same;
Though I speak not a word I make sentiment known,
And to beauty lay principal claim.
Eye.

What three words did Adam use when he introduced himself to Eve, and which read the same backward and forward?
Madam, I'm Adam.

What scent would a lady prefer who was going to marry a gentleman of the name of Richard?
Eau de Cologne (O Dick alone).

ONE OF THE WESTERN OBITUARY NOTICES.—Mistur Edatur: Jem bangs, we are sorry to stait, has deseized. He departed this Life last mundy. Jem wos generally considered a gud feller. He dide at the age of 23 years old. He went 4th without ary struggle; and sich is Life. Tu Da we are as pepper grass, mighty smart, tu Morrer we are cut down like a cowcumber of the ground. Jem kept a nice stoar, which his wife now waits on. His virchews wos numerous to behold. Menny is the things we bot at his growcery, and we are happy to stait to the admirin wurld that he never cheeted, speshully in the wate of markrel, which wos nice and smelt sweet, and his survivin wife is the same wa. We never knew him to put sand in his sugar, tho he had a big sand bar in front of his hous; nur water in his Lickurs, tho the Ohio River runs past his dore. Pece to his remaines! He leves a wife, 8 children, a cow, 4 horses, a growcery stoar, and other quodrepeds, to mourn his loss; but in the spalendid langwidge ov the poit, his loss is there eternal gane.

"It seems to me I have seen your physiognomy somewhere before," said a swell to a stranger whom he met the other day; "but I can not imagine where." "Very likely," replied the other; "I have been the keeper of a prison for the last twenty years."

A stingy fellow, in making love to a young lady, said that his affections were "riveted upon her." She told him that she did not want to have any dealings with rivets or screws like him. Of course, after that the fellow didn't expect to nail her.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A LETTER FROM THE CZAR.

THE Russian Minister, M. De Stoeckl, had an audience of the President on Saturday, and read to him the following dispatch:

"ST. PETERSBURG, *July* 10, 1861.

"*M. De Stoeckl.*

"SIR,—From the beginning of the conflict which divides the United States of America you have been desired to make known to the Federal Government the deep interest with which our august master was observing the development of a crisis which puts in question the prosperity and even the existence of the Union.

"The Emperor profoundly regrets to see that the hope of a peaceful solution is not realized, and that American citizens already in arms are ready to let loose upon their country the most formidable of the scourges of political society—a civil war. For more than eighty years that it has existed the American Union owes its independence, its towering rise and its progress to the concord of its members, consecrated under the auspices of its illustrious founder, by institutions which have been able to reconcile the Union with liberty. This Union has been faithful. It has exhibited to the world the spectacle of a prosperity without example in the annals of history. It would be deplorable that, after so conclusive an experience, the United States should be hurried into a breach of the solemn compact, which, up to this time, has made their power. In spite of the diversity of their constitutions and of their interests, and perhaps even because of their diversity, Providence seems to urge them to draw closer the traditional bond which is the basis of the very condition of their political existence. In any event the sacrifice which they might impose upon themselves to maintain it are beyond comparison with those which dissolution would bring after it. United, they perfect themselves; isolated, they are paralyzed.

THE EMPEROR ADVISES COMPROMISE.

"The struggle which unhappily has just arisen can neither be indefinitely prolonged nor lead to the total destruction of one of the parties. Sooner or later it will be necessary to come to some settlement, whatsoever it may be, which may cause the divergent interests now actually in conflict to coexist. The American nation would then give a proof of high political wisdom in seeking in common such a settlement before a useless effusion of blood, a barren squandering of strength and of public riches, and acts of violence and reciprocal reprisals shall have come to deepen an abyss between the two parties of the confederation, to end definitely in their mutual exhaustion, and in the ruin, perhaps irreparable, of their commercial and political power.

"Our august master can not resign himself to admit such deplorable anticipations. His Imperial Majesty still places his confidence in that practical good sense of the citizens of the Union who appreciate so judiciously their true interests. His Majesty is happy to believe that the members of the Federal Government, and the influential men of the two parties, will seize all occasions and will unite all their efforts to calm the effervescence of the passions. There are no interests so divergent that it may not be possible to reconcile them by laboring to that end with zeal and perseverance, in a spirit of justice and moderation.

HE WISHES THE UNION TO BE MAINTAINED.

"If, within the limits of your friendly relations, your language and your counsels may contribute to this result, you will respond, Sir, to the intentions of his Majesty the Emperor in devoting to this the personal influence which you may have been able to acquire during your long residence at Washington, and the consideration which belongs to your character as the representative of a sovereign animated by the most friendly sentiments toward the American Union. This Union is not simply in our eyes an element essential to the universal political equilibrium; it constitutes besides a nation to which our august master and all Russia have pledged the most friendly interests; for the two countries, placed at the extremities of the two worlds, both in the ascending period of their development, appear called to a natural community of interests and of sympathies, of which they have already given mutual proofs to each other.

"I do not wish here to approach any of the questions which divide the United States. We are not called upon to express ourselves in this contest. The preceding considerations have no other object than to attest the lively solicitude of the Emperor in the presence of the dangers which menace the American Union, and the sincere wishes that his Majesty entertains for the maintenance of that great work, so laboriously raised, and which appeared so rich in its future.

"It is in this sense, Sir, that I desire you to express yourself, as well to the members of the General Government as to the influential persons whom you may meet, giving them the assurance that in every event the American nation may count upon the most cordial sympathy on the part of our august master during the important crisis which it is passing through at present.

"Receive, Sir, the expression of my very deep consideration. GORTSCHAKOFF."

THE EFFECT OF THE CAPTURE OF THE HATTERAS FORTS.

A dispatch from Fortress Monroe says: The rebels have abandoned their strongly fortified forts at Ocracoke Inlet. Multitudes of North Carolinians have demonstrated their loyalty to the Government by coming to Hatteras Inlet to take the oath of allegiance. Colonel Hawkins sends word that he administered the oath to between two and three hundred in one day. The steamer *Pawnee* still lies in the Inlet and the *Susquehanna* outside. The *Susquehanna* ran down to Ocracoke Inlet, and found the fortifications there completely deserted, and the white flag was every where exhibited.

On the following day the *George Peabody* arrived at the Fortress, from Hatteras Inlet, with a number of fugitive families from the mouth of Tar River, who had succeeded in escaping to the Inlet. They report that the lower counties of North Carolina are ready to hoist the National flag when assured of support—a prominent clergyman declaring that should a national force land near Beaufort, it would immediately be joined by at least two thousand North Carolina Unionists. A perfect reign of terror exists there at present. Ten regiments of State troops have been recalled from Virginia.

SENSATION IN THE NORTH CAROLINA HOUSE.

The R[illegible] (N. C.) *Register* says that Governor Clark, in a special message, announced to the Legislature the surrender of Fort Hatteras, and adds: "For the sake of the credit of the State we forbear to describe the effect which the announcement produced on the House."

HORRIBLE OUTRAGE IN MISSOURI.

The telegraph reports one of the most horrible episodes that ever disgraced modern warfare on the part of the rebels in Missouri, namely, the destruction of a railroad bridge on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad over Platt River, nine miles east of St. Joseph, by which a whole passenger train, containing nearly one hundred inoffensive people—men, women, and children—was precipitated into the river, and seventeen killed and others horribly mangled. It appears that the timber supports of the bridge had been nearly burned through, and the fire then extinguished, thus leaving no suspicious appearance about the structure, so that when the train entered the bridge at night the whole track gave way, resulting in the fearful consequences above stated. It was subsequently discovered that some other bridges on the route to St. Joseph were similarly disabled, and the track obstructed with logs in order to prevent assistance being conveyed from the town to the wounded victims of this cowardly outrage. The obstructions, however, were removed, and a large number of physicians and others proceeded to the scene of the disaster.

OCCUPATION OF PADUCAH, KENTUCKY.

General Grant, with two regiments of infantry, a company of light artillery, and two gun-boats took possession of Paducah at eleven o'clock on 6th inst. He found the rebel flags flying, but they were immediately torn down by the Union citizens on the approach of the troops. He took possession of the telegraph-offices, Marine Hospital, and other public buildings, and issued a proclamation to the people. The town was in great alarm at the rumored approach of 3800 rebel troops, which were in close proximity to Paducah.

ROSECRANS CROSSES THE MOUNTAINS.

From Western Virginia the news is of an important character. General Rosecrans is reported as having crossed the mountains in full force, and the pickets had even been fired upon by the rebels at a distance of four miles from the main camp.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN ON THE SABBATH.

The following order has been promulgated:

SPECIAL ORDER NO. 7.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
WASHINGTON, *Sept.* 6, 1861.

The Major-General Commanding desires and requests that in future there may be a more perfect respect for the Sabbath on the part of his command. We are fighting in a holy cause, and should endeavor to deserve the benign favor of the Creator. Unless in the case of an attack by the enemy, or some other extreme military necessity, it is commended to commanding officers that all work shall be suspended on the Sabbath; that no unnecessary movements shall be made on that day; that the men shall, as far as possible, be permitted to rest from their labors; that they shall attend Divine service after the customary morning inspection, and that officers and men alike use their influence to insure the utmost decorum and quiet on that day. The General Commanding regards this as no idle form. One day's rest is necessary for man and animals. More than this, the observance of the holy day of the God of Mercy and of Battles is our sacred duty.

GEO. B. M'CLELLAN, Major-General Commanding.
S. WILLIAMS, Assistant Adjutant-General.

THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

The Democratic State Convention met at Syracuse last week. The Committee on Officers reported Heman J. Redfield for Permanent President, with the usual number of Vice-Presidents and Secretaries. After an address from Mr. Redfield, the Committee on Contested Seats made a majority report in favor of the admission of the Tammany delegates from this city, and the exclusion of those from Mozart Hall. A minority report was made recognizing both delegations, and recommending a compromise. Finally, a resolution was adopted by the Convention to admit both delegations, with power to cast but seventeen votes each. The Tammany delegates then withdrew for consultation, and after the appointment of a Committee on resolutions the Convention adjourned until the following day. Immediately upon reassembling, a motion was made to reconsider the vote of the day previous, by which both delegations were admitted upon an equality, and after refusing to lay the subject on the table, the vote was reconsidered, 114 to 87. The Convention then rejected the resolution by which both delegations were admitted, and adopted the original report of the Credential Committee, by which the Tammany delegation alone was admitted, by a very decisive vote, and the Mozart Hall delegation withdrew. The Committee on Resolutions reported a series, which are generally in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war, though censuring the present Administration for some of its measures. The next business was the nomination of a ticket for State officers, which was effected in due course.

STATE OF FEELING IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Captain Welch, of the *Mary Alice*, captured July 25 by the privateer *Dixie*, has arrived in this city from Richmond, and furnishes some very interesting intelligence. After his capture off Bermuda he was conveyed to North Edisto, twenty-one miles south of Charleston, where he saw a battery of four 24-pounders on South Point, and a formidable masked battery at North Point. No trace of the blockading squadron was visible. From Edisto Captain Welch, with twenty-five other prisoners, was conveyed to Charleston, South Carolina, and Goldsborough, North Carolina, where the people had just heard of the brilliant affair at Fort Hatteras, and were excited to such a pitch that violence was offered to the prisoners. The authorities had to hide the prisoners, and send them forward to Richmond at night, with a strong military guard, to prevent mob law being administered.

GRASS GROWING IN THE STREETS OF NEW ORLEANS.

The New Orleans *Picayune* says the heavy growth of grass in some of the streets in that city "would pay the mower for his trouble."

THE UNION VOTE IN KENTUCKY.

The following is the official vote cast at the August election for State Treasurer in Kentucky:

J. H. Garrard, Union	83,151
Two secession candidates	16,005
Union majority	67,146

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MORE TROOPS FOR CANADA.

THE London *Globe* of the last of August—a semi-official organ of the Palmerston Cabinet, and generally well-informed—states that twenty-two thousand five hundred British troops will be dispatched to Canada during the month of September. It is also asserted that Lord Monck is to succeed Sir Edmund Head as Governor-General of that province.

THE QUEEN IN IRELAND.

Queen Victoria has been in Ireland, and was most enthusiastically received at Dublin.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR AND THE POPE.

The *Independance Belge* publishes the substance of an autograph letter from the Emperor to the Pope, intimating that if the condition of affairs be ameliorated the present *status quo* will be maintained.

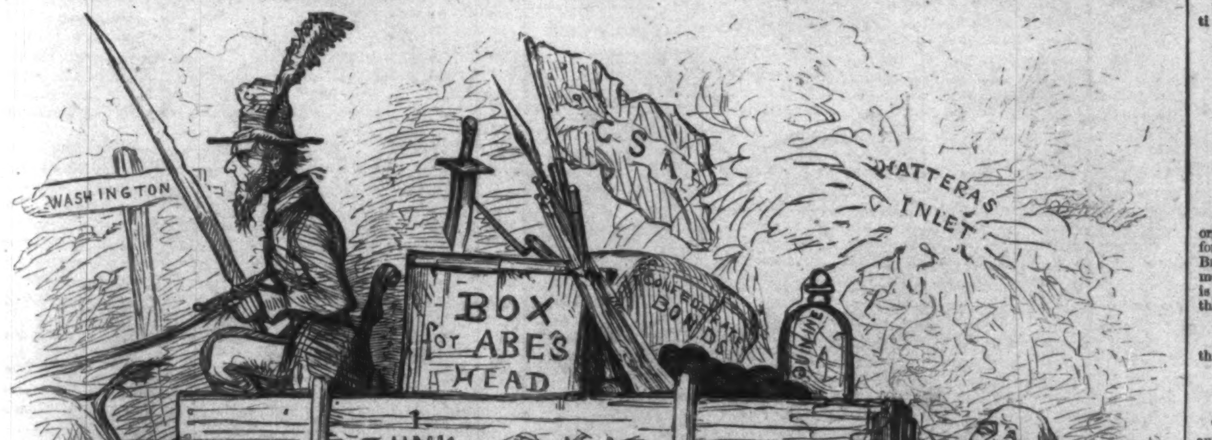
ITALY.

SETTLEMENT OF THE ROMAN QUESTION.

A political pamphlet, entitled "Rome," published in Paris, intimates that the people of Rome will be invited to choose a sovereign ruler by universal suffrage, and that if they vote for Victor Emanuel the French troops will march from the city next day and be replaced by an Italian force. This measure is to be adopted, as alleged, if the Pope persists in refusing the guarantees for the integrity of the Holy See proposed by Napoleon. Baron Ricasoli asserts, in an official circular, that the brigandage now prevailing in Italy is instigated from Rome.

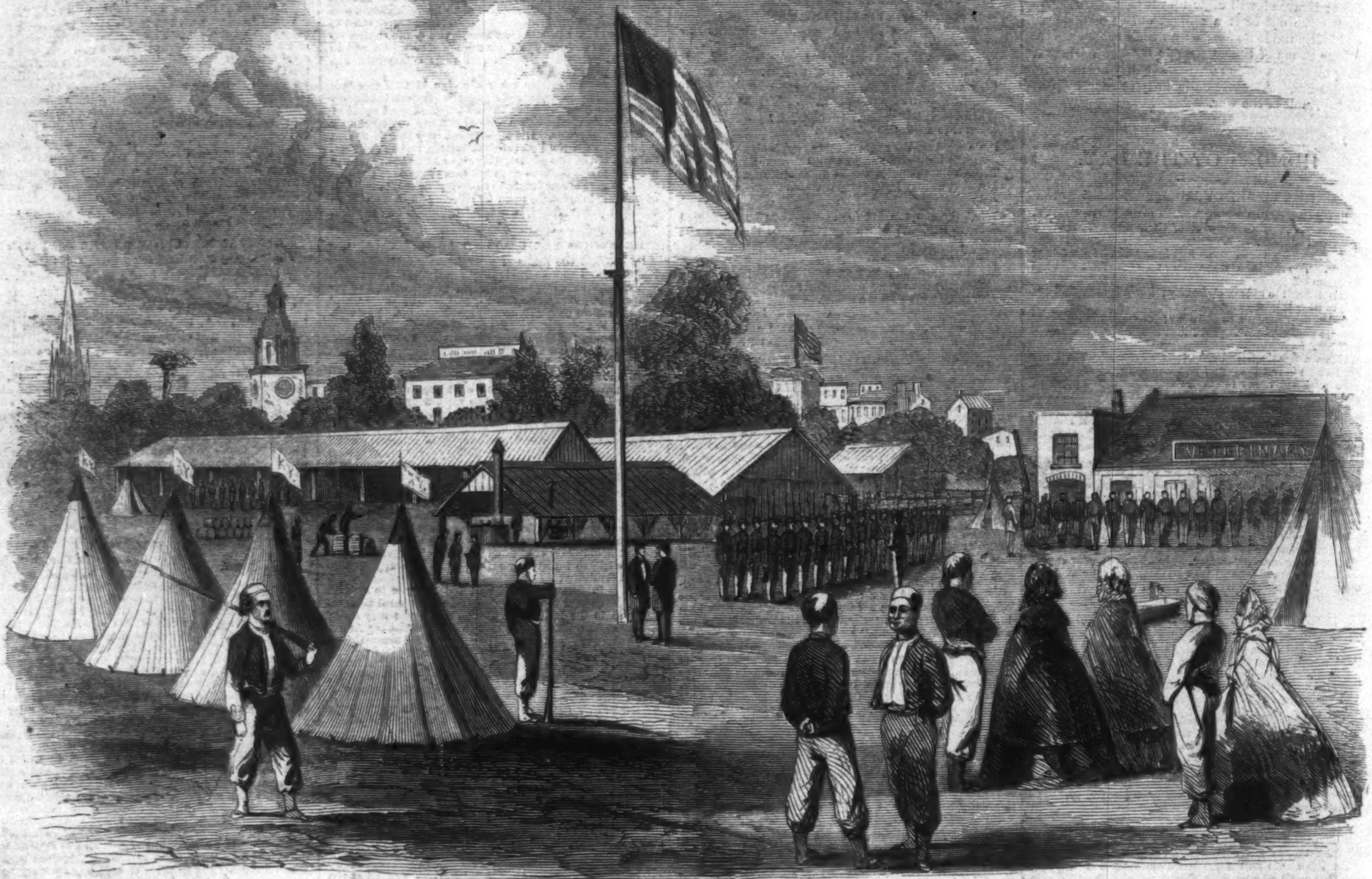
FIGHT BETWEEN SOLDIERS AND PEOPLE.

A terrible affair had occurred at Pontelandolf. A company of Italian soldiers upon arriving there were received by the National Guard and people with rejoicing, but while they were partaking of the refreshments offered them, the people rushed upon them and massacred thirty-nine of them. The next day the troops surrounded the town, and destroyed it by fire. One hundred and fifty persons were burned or bayoneted.

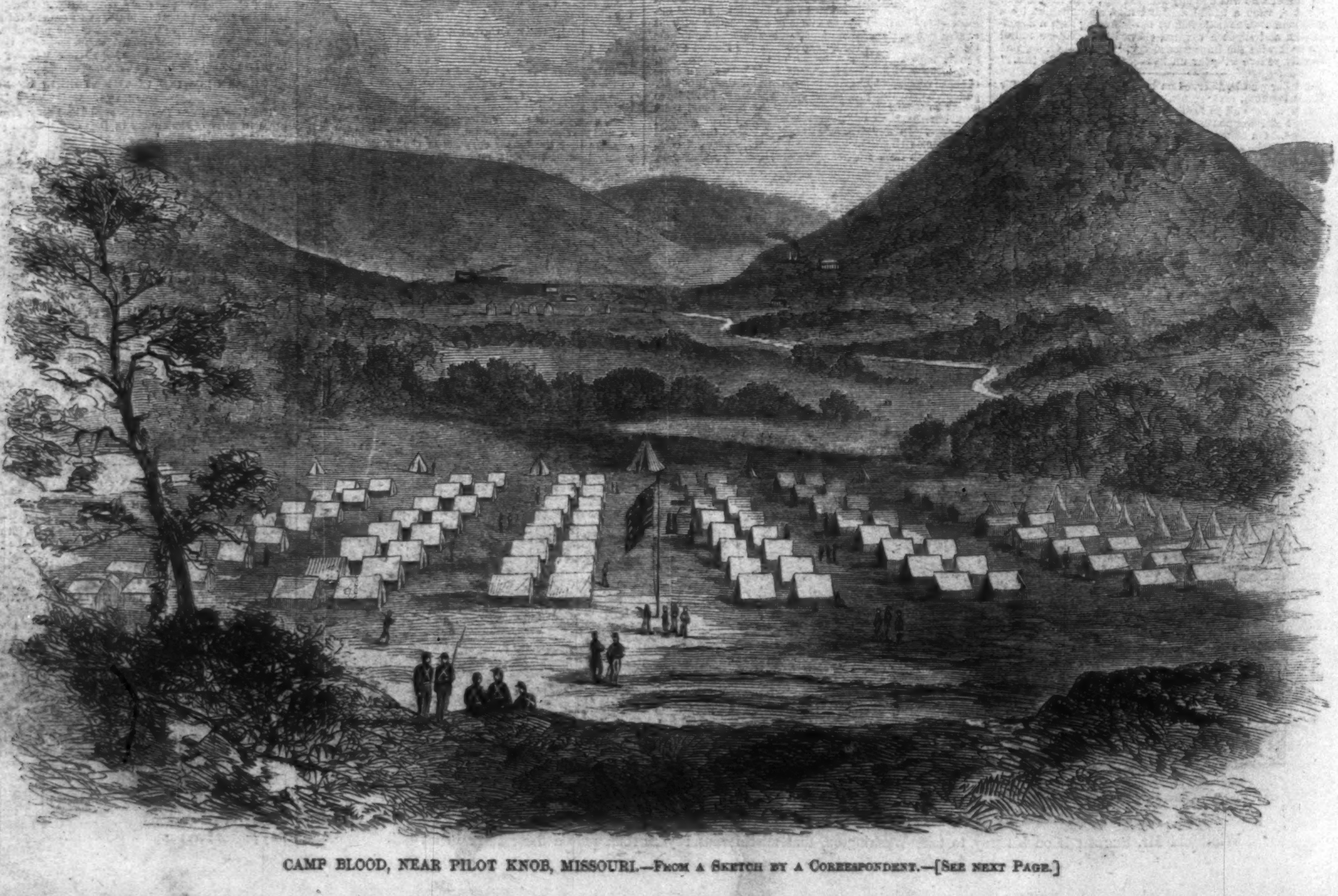


HITTING HIM IN THE REAR.

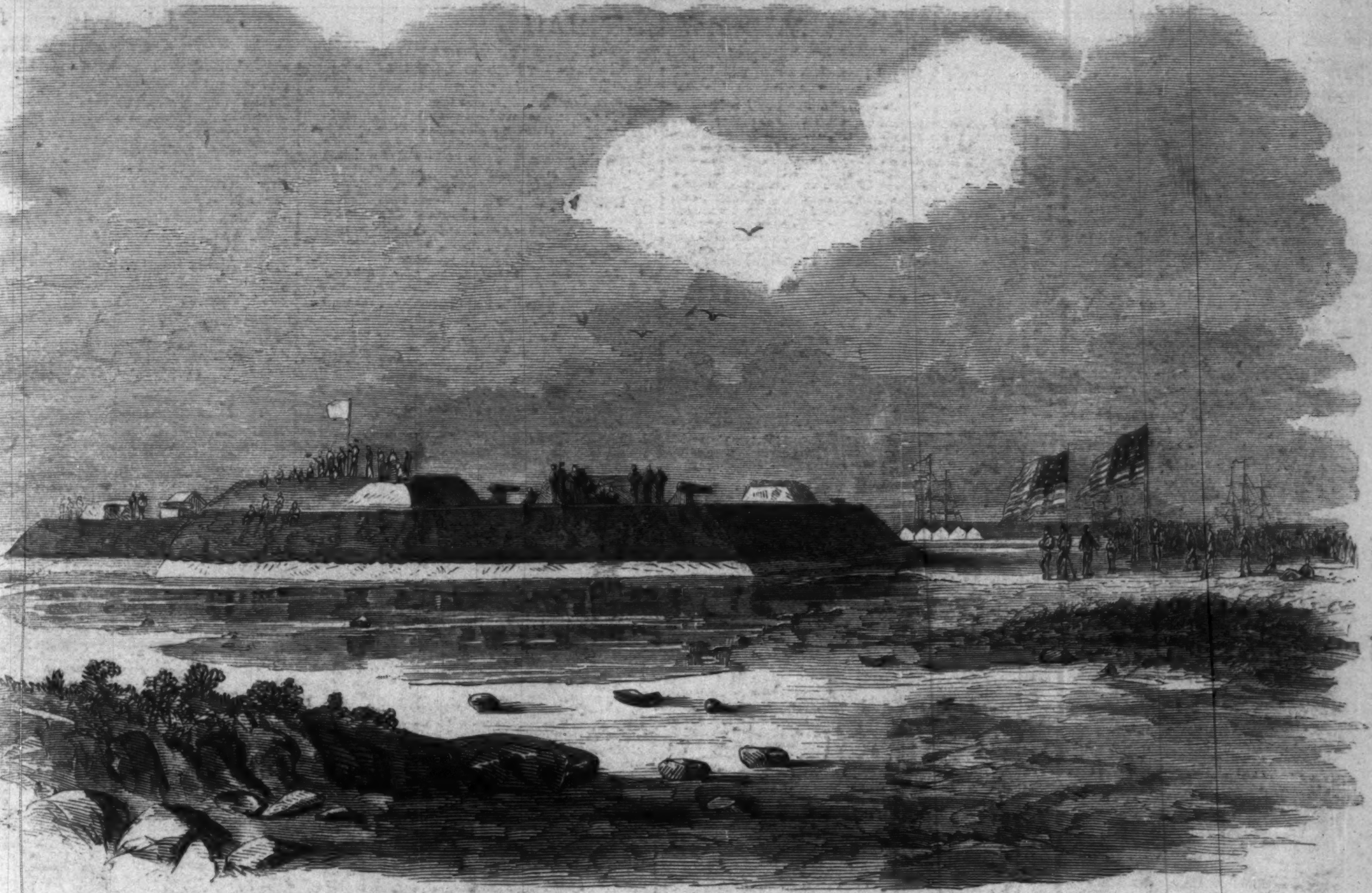
While old Mr. SECESH is on his way to take Washington, that mischievous boy BUTLER puts a fire-cracker in his tail.



HEAD-QUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL FREMONT'S BODY-GUARD, AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE PAGE 604.]



CAMP BLOOD, NEAR PILOT KNOB, MISSOURI.—FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

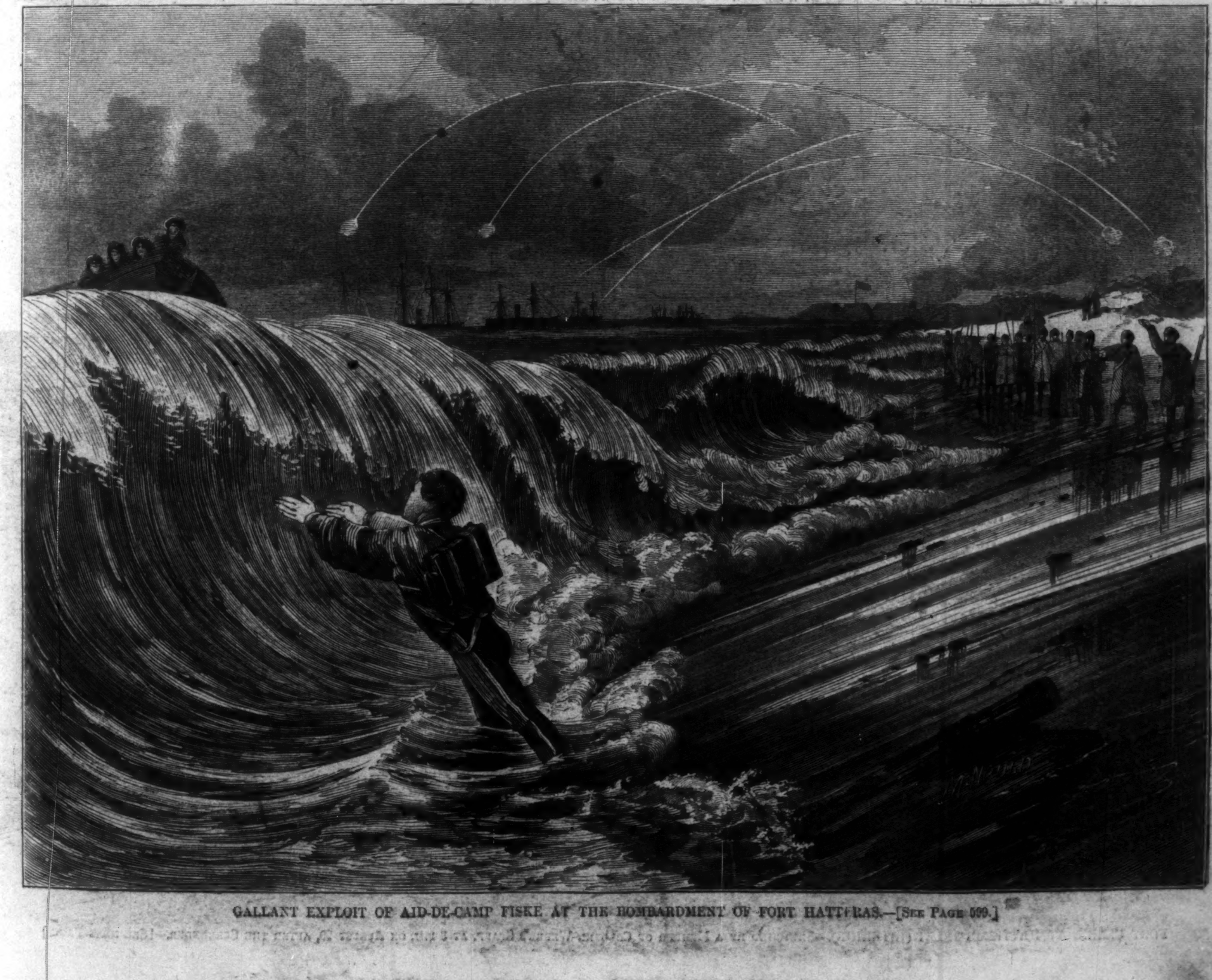


VIEW OF FORT HATTERAS JUST BEFORE THE SURRENDER—COLONEL WEBER'S FORCE UNDER THE WALLS.—[SEE PAGE 599.]

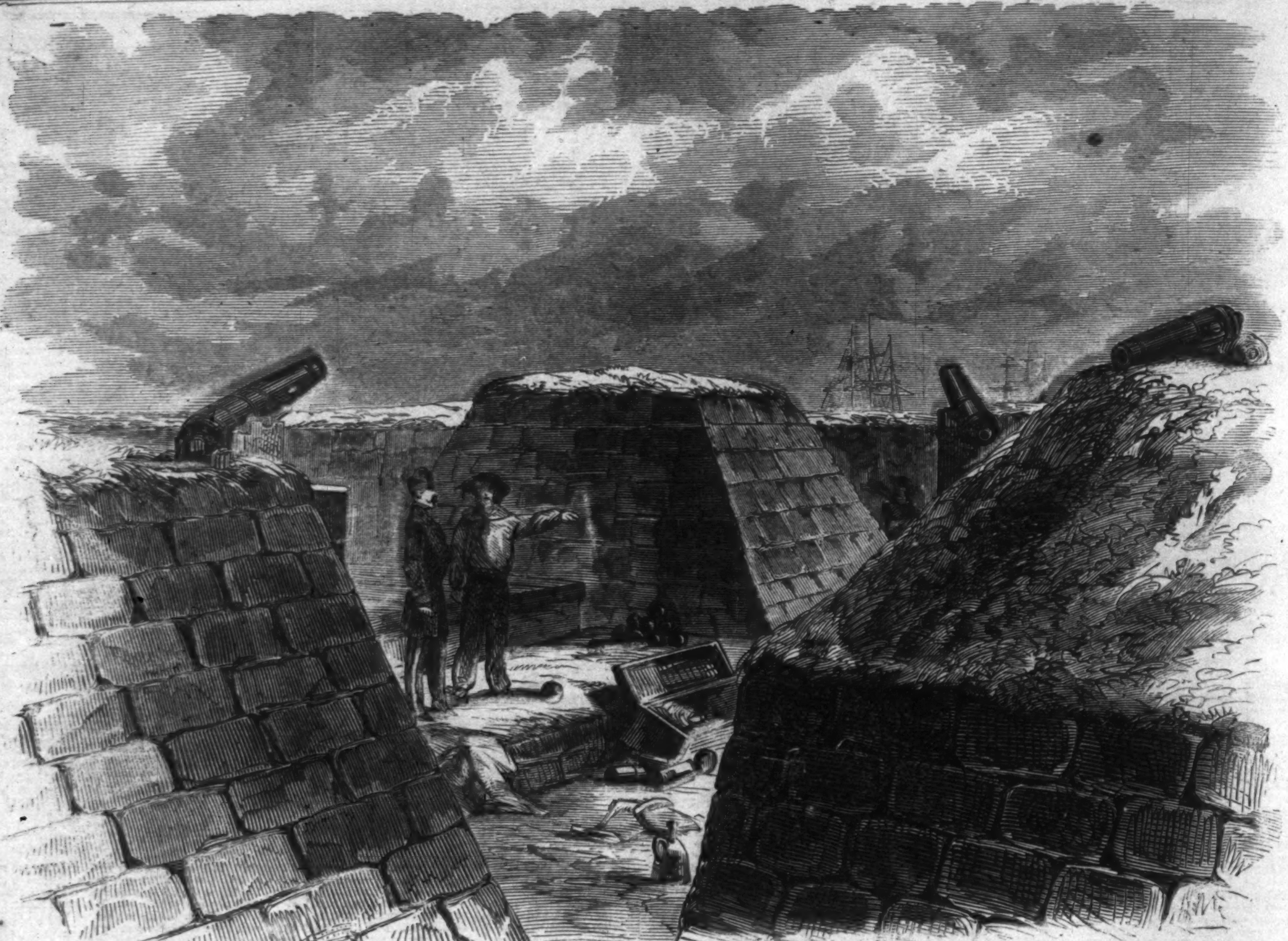
CAMP AT PILOT KNOB, MO.

THE following letter, from our artist, referring to the illustration on page 596, explains itself:

On the right of the sketch is seen Pilot Knob, so named from its peculiar shape. It is, I believe, the largest known mountain of pure iron ore in the world. The rocks (pure ore) which crown its summit are forty feet in perpendicular height. The perpendicular of the hill itself is rather more than five hundred feet. And the valley it overlooks is six hundred feet higher than the main street of St. Louis, which is distant by rail 86½ miles to the north. We are fifty miles west of the Mississippi River, attainable by a road, part plank and part gravel. Pilot Knob is the terminus of the railroad. The Iron Mountain works take precedence of those at the Knob only because of their being first established. At the base of the Knob are seen the works for preparing and smelting the ore. The ore is brought down from the quarries near the summit by means of a wire cable and drum, there being cars attached constantly moving up empty and down laden. In the middle distance is a train of cars just starting from the terminus for St. Louis. The hill in the centre is called "Bogy Mountain." It has two peculiar rocks near the top surmounted by tall trees which give it the appearance of a gate. The hill on the left is called the "Shepherd Mountain," and is rich in magnetic ore. It is much larger, as a hill, than the Knob. There are cannon planted on the Knob, which command the country for miles, heavy Columbiads on the different hills, and generally a force of six or eight thousand United States troops in the valley.

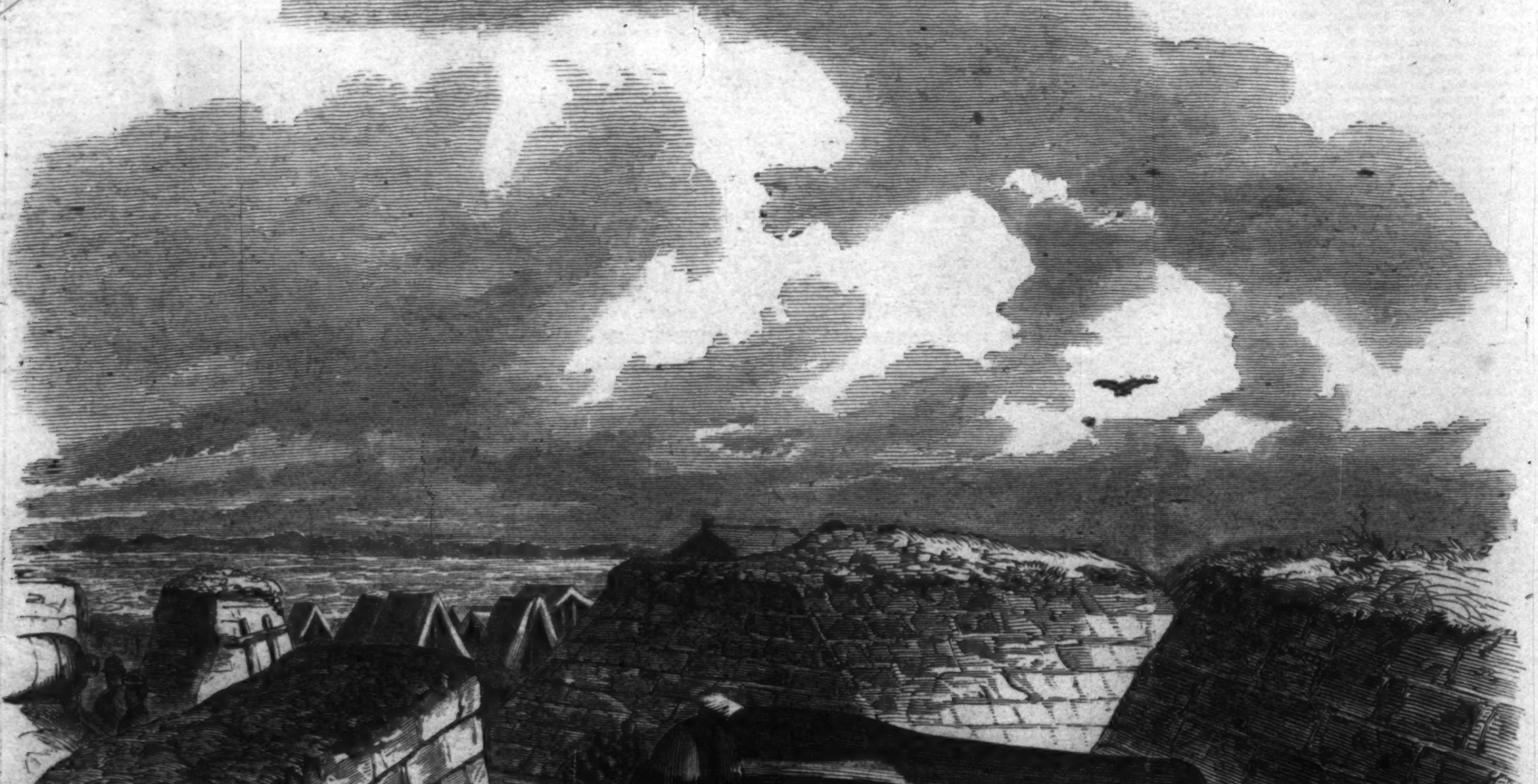


GALLANT EXPLOIT OF AID-DE-CAMP FISKE AT THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT HATTERAS.—[SEE PAGE 599.]



FORT HATTERAS (INTERIOR).—Sketched by a Member of Colonel Weber's Staff, at 3 p.m. on August 29, after the Surrender.—[See next Page.]

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



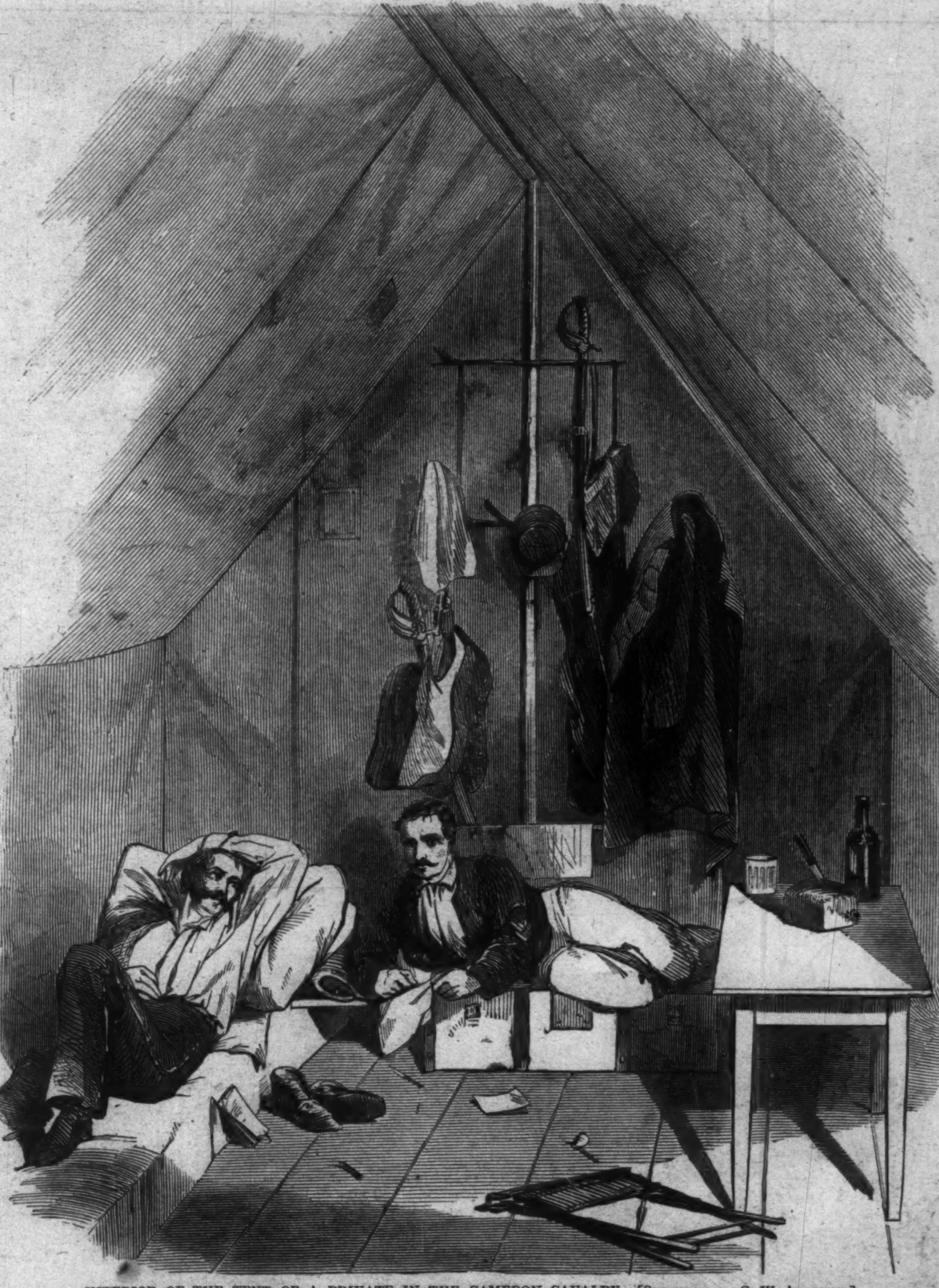
FORT CLARK, AT HATTERAS INLET (INTERIOR).—Sketched by a Member of Colonel Weber's Staff, at 3 p.m. on August 29, after the Surrender.—[See next Page.]

FORTS HATTERAS AND CLARK.

We continue this week our series of illustrations of the brilliant achievement of Com. Stringham and General Butler at Hatteras Inlet. On page 598 we give a couple of pictures of THE INTERIOR OF FORTS HATTERAS AND CLARK, from drawings made on the afternoon of Thursday, 29th, by Mr. Kaufmann; and on page 597 we give AN EXTERIOR VIEW OF FORT HATTERAS, and illustrate the GALLANT ACHIEVEMENT OF LIEUTENANT FISKE, who swam through the breakers at the risk of his life to deliver General Butler's orders to the forces.

Of the forts themselves the correspondent of the *Tribune* wrote:

> Forts Hatteras and Clark were posts of great importance to the rebels, the former being by far the strongest and most extensive work, and correspondingly the most important of the two. Their construction was commenced about three months since by the State of North Carolina, and were planned with a good deal of engineering skill, and were built at great expense of labor and money. Fort Hatteras covers an area of between one and two acres, and, like Fort Clark, was laid out by Colonel William Beaverhouse Thompson, of Virginia. It is an earth-work, mounting ten barbette guns, 32-pounders, five bearing toward the sea. It was designed to mount eight and ten inch Columbiads, but they do not seem to have arrived.
>
> In the fort was a bomb proof, which proved, however, not to have been proof against our bombs; for a shell struck the top of the work, penetrated through the forepart of sand covering, and entered the apartment below, next to the magazine, with only a board partition intervening. It did not explode, however. Had it done so, the loss of life would have been terrible, as more than three hundred men had been forced and were closely packed in the subterranean chamber at the time. The shell filled the chamber or vault with dust and smoke, and the men supposing the magazine was on fire, a terrible panic ensued. The men ran out, and nothing that the officers could do, even their threats to bayonet and shoot them, could restrain the men within the fort. Shortly after another shell exploded on the bomb-proof, and it becoming evident that so accurate had become the range and firing of the fleet, the magazine would soon be exploded, and the white flag was hastily run up.
>
> When I entered the fort, a considerable length of time before General Butler arrived, the interior was a complete wreck, and the wonder was that hundreds were not killed. They said that for the last half hour our shells, almost without exception, fell and exploded inside the fort. Two of the guns were disabled. The tents and shanties were a wreck, and there was scarcely room for the wounded.



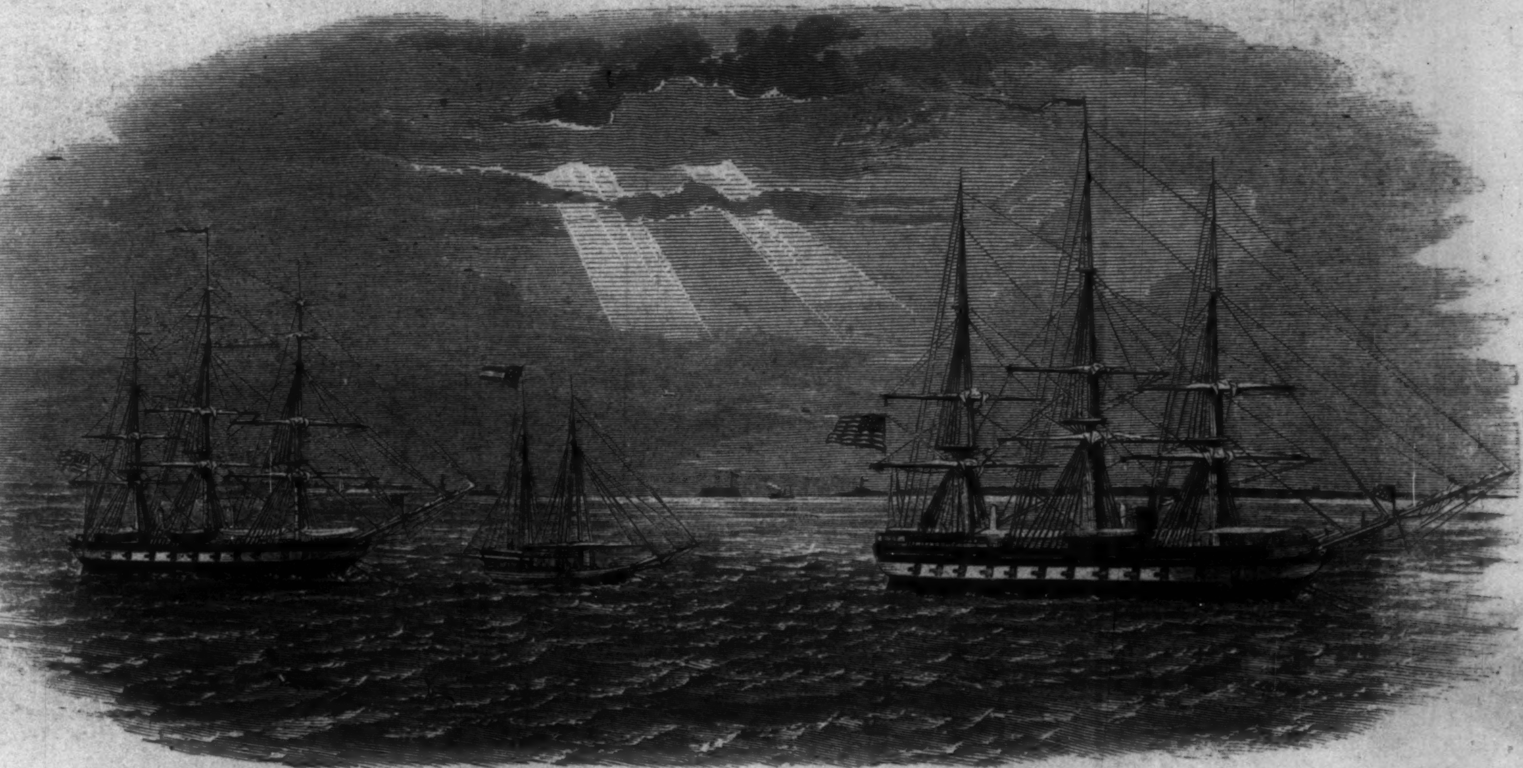
INTERIOR OF THE TENT OF A PRIVATE IN THE CAMERON CAVALRY.—[SKETCHED BY G. W. ANDREWS.]

The *Herald* correspondent thus speaks of Mr. Fiske's exploit, and of its consequences:

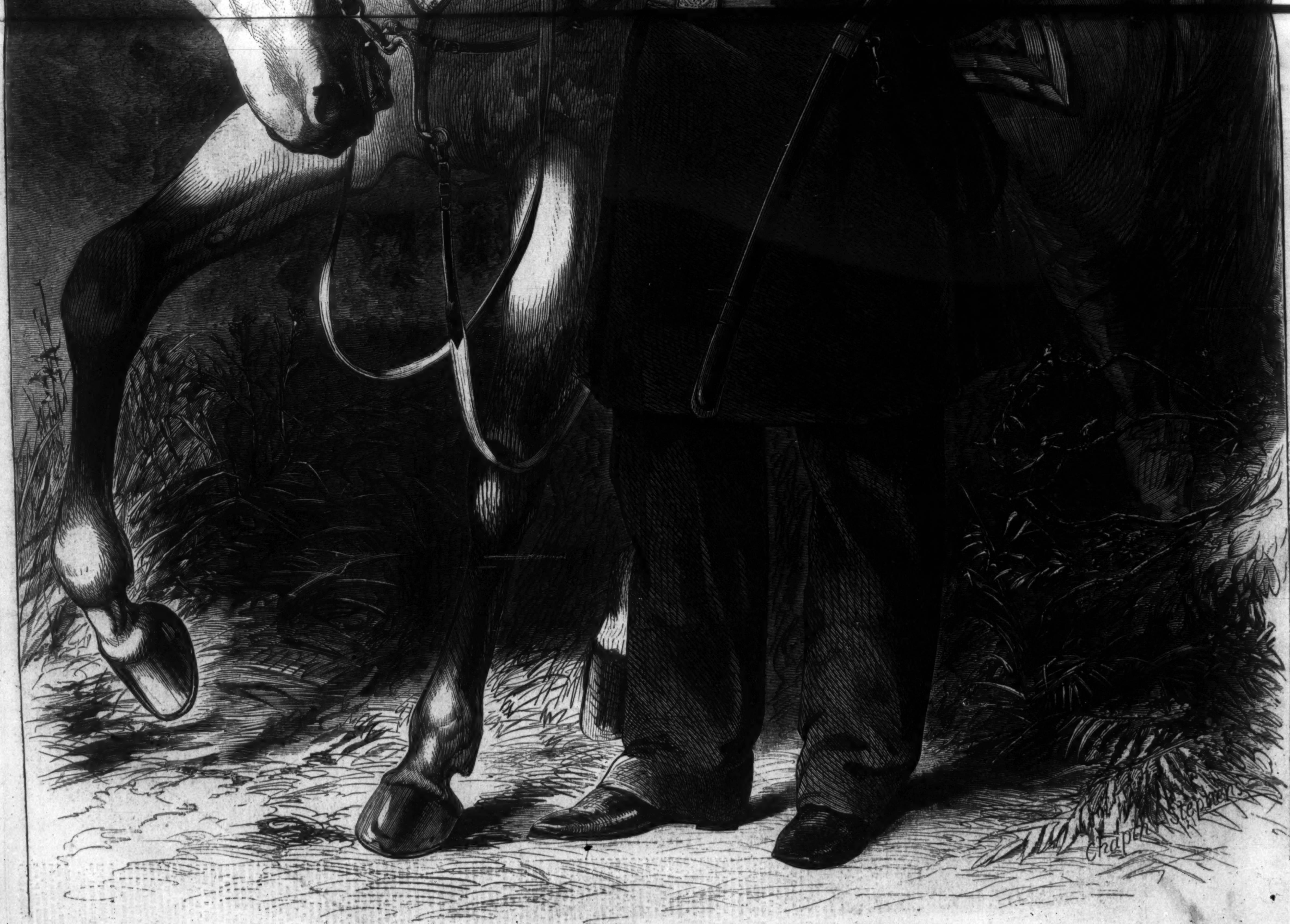
> After the smaller fort had been silenced a boat was sent ashore with Mr. Fiske, aid to General Butler, who swam through the breakers to convey to Colonel Weber's command the orders of the General and information of the intended movements of the fleet. Upon entering the redoubt called Fort Clark, he seized upon the books and papers found there; among them are official documents and the letter books of the commanding officers. Mr. Fiske strapped this package upon his shoulders and swam out again to the only boat that was left sea-worthy, and carried them to the General, who was thus informed of what was going on at the moment of the appearance of the fleet off the inlet. When the meeting was held on the *Minnesota* to arrange terms of capitulation, the rebel officers were utterly astonished at the accurate information of the General, and inquired anxiously how he knew what they were doing the day before, and who was the person among them to whom signals had been made from the fleet. The General simply replied that he possessed means of accurate information.

Hatteras Inlet is thus described in the *Herald*:

> A geographical sketch of the spot where our naval forces have been so triumphant can not fail to prove interesting to our readers. Situated about twelve miles from Cape Hatteras lighthouse is the inlet in question. It is known to the mariner by a low sand island, which was formerly a round hammock, covered with trees on the eastern side of the entrance. The breakers seldom extend entirely across the entrance to the cove or harbor, but at nearly all times make on each side, and between them lies the channel. The bar should be approached from the northward and eastward, and vessels should keep in four or five fathoms of water along the breakers until up with the opening. The least water on the bar is fourteen feet mean low water, and the rise and fall of the tide but two feet. Once inside the inlet the mariner finds good anchorage in a hard sand bottom, except a few sticky spots at the head of the channel. The anchorage affords protection from all winds except those from the southward and westward.
>
> As an entrance to Pamlico, Albemarle, and Currituck Sounds, the possession of Hatteras Inlet is of vast importance to the cause of the Union. With Ocracoke and Hatteras Inlets closed, North Carolina may be said to be completely shut in from the ocean. Privateers can no longer be sent to sea through the Dismal Swamp Canal and Albemarle Sound to annoy our commerce.



THE BLOCKADE OF CHARLESTON.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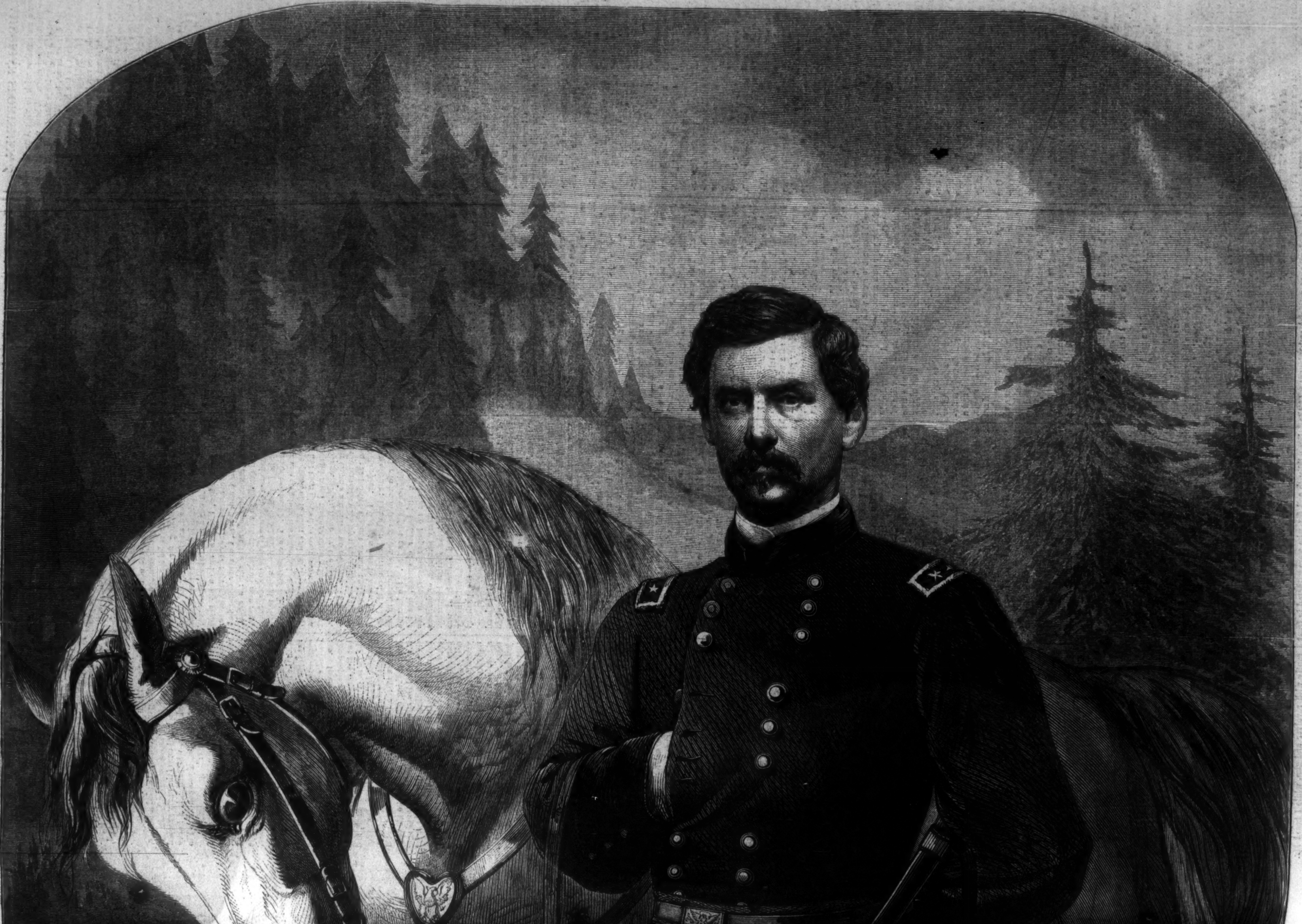
MAJOR-GENERAL M'CLELLAN, U.S.A.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADY AND OTHERS.]



AMERICAN SPORTSMEN.

I FELT an anxious wish to visit America and see my brother once more. There were but two of us left out of a rather large family. I had been bred to the bar at home, but William had chosen to push his fortunes in the New World. He had hitherto chased the fickle goddess so hotly that the letters of his relatives rarely reached him, and that his were seldom dated twice over from the same town or even from the same State. He had adopted the restless habits of the most migratory Yankee, whisking from Florida to Maine, speculating, mining, prospecting, land-jobbing, entering professions to abandon them half tried, and leading that Jack-of-all-trades life so dear to our Transatlantic cousins. Yet Willy made money: he never complained, never asked assistance from his few surviving kinsfolk, and his elastic spirit swam like a cork in all waters of difficulty. When last I heard of him he was junior partner in a new bank at New Orleans; he had done well enough, and gave me a pressing invitation to visit him in the healthy season. He was housed in Rochambeau Street, and could introduce me, he said, to all the celebrities of a city compared with which even Paris is tame and commonplace. Autumn came, and I went. I had written twice since I had made up my mind to the voyage, but had received no reply. This, however, disturbed me little. I made no doubt that I should find my brother in the bank parlor, safely anchored before his ledgers and cash-books. "Banking," said I to myself, "is a steady and a permanent pursuit, and I am glad that Willy has taken to so sober a mode of realizing a fortune. This is very different from his Californian land-jobbing, or his Texan mule trade, or his Oregon life assurance company. He will do well now, and I shall find him at his post." I set off. I traveled by rail and steam, without the slightest adventure, to a certain well-known port on the Mississippi, where I embarked. The river boat I selected was a fine one, the *Benjamin Franklin;* she had been launched but a month before, and her superb cabins retained their maiden splendor of decoration. What pretty cabins they were, lavishly adorned with mirrors, alabaster statues, costly woods, gilding, and rich carpets and curtains, a world too fine for the rough majority of the company. There were some well-bred, quiet people on board certainly, but they formed a small minority, and seemed to shrink from notice. The bulk of the passengers were excessively wild and noisy, with beards and hair tangled and luxuriant, and dressed in garments of incongruous fashion, half dandy, half backwoodsman.

"Surely, steward," I ventured to say, "these can not be all Southern planters. Are they filibusters, or—"

"No, no, massa," grinned the black, very affably; "dem not Southern gentlemen, sure, nor yet Yankee notion-sellers, nouther. Massa must have heard ob de great diggins at Pike's Peak, hey?"

"Pike's Peak!" repeated I, rallying my wandering recollections.

"Iss, Sir, up 'mong de ole Rocky Mountains. Dere dem passengers are all going off as fast as can hurry. Pike's Peak shocking savage place, massa, not fit for Chris'en—oh dear no!"

I *had* heard of Pike's Peak, the reports of its immense wealth, varied by hideous tales of starvation, suffering, death, and cannibalism among the emigrants thither.

"But those gentlemen," said I, glancing toward a group of four well-dressed, well-behaved men, "can hardly be going to Pike's Peak."

"Which, massa?" said the affable negro. "Ah! I see; dem wid de lily-white hands and de smart cravat round him throat, and de shirt-cuff so clean and stiff, and all de bootiful rings and watch-guards. Certainly not, Sir; dem never go grubbing wid pick and cradle. Dey too clebber, sure."

"Those, then, are planters?" said I, with some interest.

"Cornelius, ye darned snow-ball, get me a julep!" bawled a fierce adventurer from among the diggers.

"Coming, Sir!" answered the steward, swishing his napkin, and then answered my query with, "He! he! he! Massa make comical mistake. Dem are *sportsmen.*"

"But how—why?" I began, when the impatient digger assured the black that he would "draw a bead on his ugly carcass" with his revolver, unless the desired refreshment were instantly produced. Nor did Cornelius seem to regard this threat as a mere flower of speech, for he hurried off, muttering between his teeth, but outwardly obedient.

I was left alone. Not for long, however. One of the gentlemen who had attracted my observation very civilly came forward, and invited me, as a stranger and an Englishman, to take a seat at their table.

"We may be able," said the American, "to afford you some reliable information respecting the productions and note-worthy points of the country we are skirting; and I need scarcely say that to assist a traveler in forming a correct estimate of the South will be a pleasant task to us all."

Very civil this. I willingly complied, and met with a genial welcome. Two of the party were fine-looking men, of an appearance eminently prepossessing, and seemed to combine keen intelligence with the bland suavity of citizens of the world. The others were much younger, and had rather a haggard aspect, but their dress was faultless—at least, from an American point of view—and their display of jewelry and spotless linen was equal to that of their elder companions. "Well," thought I, "if all American sportsmen are as elegant in dress and deportment, it is plain that, in the New World at least, out-door amusements have a tendency to refine instead of brutalize." And I thought with a contemptuous pity of British fox-hunters, and still more of British turfites, as I surveyed these dandy Nimrods of the West. Still, I am bound to say that not one word of sport did I hear. On the contrary, my new friends conversed on politics, commerce, the cotton crop, the snags and sawyers of the river, the last revival, the last explosion, and the difference between New York and London.

"You seem to know New Orleans well, gentlemen," said I, after listening to two or three anecdotes, the scene of which was invariably laid in the metropolis of the Western Delta.

"No place like it!" cried one of the younger men, with a sort of enthusiasm; it's right down, thorough-going, and slick through, the cream of all creation! Life goes faster there than in other places."

"So I have heard," said I, with a smile, but rather diffidently; "life, I understand, goes a good deal more abruptly than is pleasant. In duels, I mean," added I, seeing that I was not understood.

"Sir," said another of the party, "you have been misinformed. Not that I insinuate that our free citizens will tamely brook affront. No, Sir! But there is great exaggeration prevalent on the score of duels and fatal affrays, pretended to be of continual occurrence down South. We have chivalry, Sir! we have fire! but we air not the monsters we air depicted!"

I told him I had always understood that the State of Mississippi, in especial, was renowned for its lawless condition, and for the slight value set on human life by its inhabitants. The four gentlemen shook their heads with one accord.

"These air slanders," said one of the seniors of the party, whose name I understood to be Alphonso P. C. Jones—"these air slanders, I give you my sacred word of honor. We live, it is true, in a land where the blushing bloom of Eden has not yet wholly faded away; in a land where the luxuriant beauty of airth sometimes attracts the spoiler and the rowdy, and occasional difficulties will happen. But peace is our idol, and the olive-branch—"

Here some confusion was caused to the orator by the trifling circumstance of his bowie-knife tumbling from its concealment somewhere in the roll-collar of his waistcoat, and coming with a bang on the mahogany table. He turned very red, and was shuffling the unwelcome implement away, when I stretched out my hand saying, "Would you allow me to look at it? I have often wished to inspect a bowie-knife."

Mr. Alphonso P. C. Jones solemnly handed over the weapon in its shagreen sheath, and I looked with great interest at the sharp and heavy blade, the strong cross-bar to increase the purchase in close conflict, and the silver-mountings of haft and scabbard. Meanwhile Mr. Jones muttered something about the necessity of self-preservation, and the number of Irish and Germans about.

"You must often have found this sort of thing useful in your mode of life," said I, poising the heavy dagger as I gave it back.

"What way of life? What might you mean?"

Such were the questions rather fiercely propounded, and every brow was overcast. But I had spoken in perfect innocence; and when I went on to talk about buffalo-chases and bear-hunts, and the rough forest sports of America, the frowns relaxed, and my new acquaintances gave me a good deal of surprising information on the subject of wood-craft. Suddenly my eye lit upon a remarkable object. This was no other than the face of Cornelius, the black steward, now expressing, with its rolling eyes and open mouth, as much astonishment as the face of a negro can convey. He was gaping and glaring, first at me, and then at my companions, quite oblivious of the tray and napkin he carried. I jumped up:

"What on earth is the matter, steward?" said I.

The black drew me aside: "Me tell massa no lie! When Britisher ask if me sabe who gentlemen wid lily-white hands and plenty gold rings—me say, sportsmen. Den Cornelius come back, and find massa sit down along wid dem, as tick as tieves."

"And why not?" asked I, in bewilderment. "What possible objection could I have to their company? Or, indeed, what better company could I expect to meet with than those gentlemen, who, by your own account—"

"Curm hyar, you black-faced chatter-box!" thundered a voice from the pantry—the voice of the captain himself. "How's dinner to be true to time if you stand preachin' there? Free nigger or not, I'll cowhide you."

Off flew Cornelius, and I returned to my seat, puzzled but pleased with my new friends. A few more spirit-stirring tales of the prairie and the forest, and then a game of cards was proposed, and a couple of packs seemed to appear, as if by magic, on the table. But Alphonso P. C. Jones would not play, nor would he agree to any game, excepting for merely nominal stakes, quarter-dollar points, or the like. I have never felt any taste for gambling, but I play a steady rubber at home, and I had no objection to make a fourth in a quiet way, the stakes being so small, and the other gentlemen being so disappointed at Mr. Jones's firm refusal. But scarcely had the second deal taken place before Captain Pell himself appeared, and marched with a stern countenance straight up to our table, on which he placed his clenched hand.

"Very sorry, gentlemen," said he, "but, as commander of this vessel, I am obligationed to say shut up!"

Mr. Jones remonstrated in a mild but dignified manner. "Surely, captain, we are as harmlessly employed as the chess-players yonder, or as those enthusiasts who make such a tarnation clatter with the dominoes. I was not aware that your rules—"

"Then, Sir, you had oughter! 'Tis printed up yonder in black and white, plain to read as a chyild's hornbook. Cyards air pro-hibited aboard any of our owner's bits o' hollow timber. So I say, gentlemen, shut up, or go ashore!"

There was no more card-playing, but I could not help sympathizing with my new acquaintances in their suppressed indignation at this arbitrary interference with our recreations.

We were running fast down stream, and the broad levees, or artificial embankments, of the Mississippi shore were visible on the left bank, while above them nodded the green crests of tall trees, not yet laid low by the woodman's axe.

"If you will do us the favor," said Alphonso P. C. Jones, after a little whispering conversation with his three friends, "to become our guest for a few days, it will please us much, and honor us excessively. We disembark at Grand Gulf, where the boat will stop some three hours hence, and where my residence is located. We can offer you but bachelor accommodation, Sir, combined with duck-shooting; but if you air not too proud—"

What could I do but accept so frank and well-meant an invitation? It was settled that I should for a short time become the guest of my fellow-travelers. And now the metallic summons to dinner was heard, and then succeeded the usual crushing, elbowing, and pushing for places. I was swept away by the crowd, and found myself seated at the table at a considerable distance from my new friends. On my left was a rosy clerical gentleman, an Episcopal bishop, I believe; and on my right sat a rather prepossessing lady of literary tastes, Mrs. Governor Gunn. Mrs. Governor Gunn had a husband somewhere about the ship: a small, gray-haired gentleman with excessively sore eyes, and who had been Governor of some outlying State —Wisconsin, Florida, or Missouri—but had retired on account of bad health. The consort of this puny dignitary was certainly the principal personage on board, the queen of fashion and arbitress of taste, and she had been pleased to converse with me in a gracious and regal manner during the early part of the voyage. Now, however, the springs of Mrs. Governor Gunn's affability were frozen. She answered my remarks with icy monosyllables, frowned at me, rustled her ribbons at me, and gave me the cold shoulder. I was at a loss to know how I had given offense; but when I attributed this hostile behavior to feminine caprice, and turned to the bishop, the bishop was just as bad. He became redder of visage and huskier of speech, lost his bland smile, and was no longer interested in my comments on the voluntary principle, or desirous of information respecting the British hierarchy. It was very odd. What had I done? I was obliged to confine my attention to the wild-turkey and venison-steaks, and presently the plentiful [illegible]l came to an end.

We all rose. Mrs. Governor Gunn, at the head of a bevy of flounced silks, swept off in dignified procession to the ladies' cabin, and nothing remained but to smoke and chat, to lounge and "liquor." The bishop edged away from me as soon as he could, and I was left among a knot of planters, overseers, and the like. But these yellow-faced gentlemen did not seem to eye me in a very amicable manner. There was a scowl on every face and a sneer on every lip. I felt angry and uncomfortable, but I could scarcely demand an explanation. I glanced around for my new friends. I did not see them, so I went on deck. The hurricane-deck of a Mississippi boat usually presents a lively scene of animation and stir. So it did on this occasion, but it curiously happened that whenever I joined a gossiping group, that group broke up and dispersed. I might have been one of the plague-stricken in a time of pestilence, so shunned was I, for no apparent reason. I felt puzzled and irate. I was avoided as if I had suddenly become a leper. What was the reason? Never mind! My connection with the *Benjamin Franklin* was about to terminate. The boat was approaching Grand Gulf; I saw the shingled roofs and the church belfries peeping over the tawny levee, and it was time for me to settle with the steward and to see about my baggage. I found black Cornelius as grim and sullen as a bear. He received payment and gratuity with a dry "Tank you, Sir!" and did not permit his white teeth to shine upon me any more. I thought, too, there was a reproachful and somewhat resentful expression in his rolling eyes. But I had neither time nor patience to ask for an explanation. I was obliged to bustle up on deck, followed by a colored man with my bag and portmanteau. There I found Alphonso P. C. Jones and his companions, with their effects, ready to land at the wharf toward which we were rapidly gliding.

"Welcome, my dear Sir, to Grand Gulf," said my hospitable inviter; "it is but a small city, but—"

Crack! The clear, sharp detonation of a rifle cut Mr. Jones short in his civilities, and then succeeded the bang, bang, of several fire-arms, and a clamor of voices, and then a deathly stillness. Mr. Jones looked at his friends; there was a haggard intelligence, a lurking apprehension, visible in every eye for a moment; then the usual calmness of mien came back. I heard a by-stander remark, "Something amiss in Grand Gulf, I guess;" and his friend said something about "rowdies."

We went on shore. A couple of lean and shabby German emigrants, with yellow hair and sunburned skins, were ready to load themselves with the baggage of the party; but, with the exception of these men, a couple of half-clad black children, and a yawning book-keeper, the wharf was deserted. Nor was there any stir or sign of life among the timber-built stores and taverns, the tall gaunt hotels over which waved the stars and stripes, the wooden houses that stood back from the road in their plots of garden ground. It looked a mournful place, did Grand Gulf; and I half regretted the *Benjamin Franklin*, as she sidled off from the landing-stage and snorted her course down stream.

Crack again! Bang again! and a hoarse roar, inarticulate and menacing as the utterance of a wild beast's wrath, broke upon our ears, and then for a minute or two the rattle of fire-arms was continuous.

"What's going forward?" asked Mr. Jones, hastily.

The nearest of the German porters grinned humbly as he replied: "It is a pad pusiness, mein herr, put it is only a street affair. It is not apout bolitics."

We were now in sight of a crowd of people, eddying wildly to and fro, who were gathered in front of a pretty house, whose smart veranda and bright paint had an air of pretension unusual in that wretched town.

"By Jehosaphat!" exclaimed one of the young men, excitedly, pointing out the scene, "it's our boys the row is about."

"Keep cool, keep cool," answered Alphonso P. C. Jones, who was pale but collected. "Step out; push through them, but no running."

On they went, still accompanied by me, though I was completely at a loss to account for the popular fury or the turmoil. We reached the crowd, and began to elbow through them.

"Who on airth may you be?" asked one fierce-looking woodsman whom we jostled.

"More of the gang, I reckon," bawled a farmer, in homespun.

I was hanging back, but one of the party grasped my arm and urged me on, whispering, in a husky tone, "Get in-doors, stranger, if you don't want to cheat the insurance company."

We were now in the garden, the gay flowers of which the mob were trampling down in a reckless way. I could see that the windows were open, but barricaded with logs and furniture, and that two or three gun-barrels were peeping through the chinks. We got close up to the door, and Mr. Jones knocked, uttering a peculiar sharp cry at the same moment. I looked round for our Germans with the luggage: they were not to be seen. After the lapse of a minute—the longest minute I ever spent—the door was cautiously opened, but not to its full extent. "Quick!" muttered a voice at my ear. In we went. There was a shout and a rush: the people surged up to the door, like an angry sea; but the muzzles of two revolvers were thrust into the faces of the foremost, and they fell back, and we were inside and the door was closed.

I was now, to all appearance, in a besieged place, and one of the beleaguered garrison. And yet I knew nothing of the quarrel, and had no share in it. Of all the strange spectacles this strange continent had hitherto afforded me this was the most inexplicable. In the midst of the bustle and feverish hurry, as bolts were shot, chains linked, and bars slipped across the door again, I asked repeatedly what was the matter, but in vain: "Thank your stars, stranger, for a whole skin," was all the reply I could elicit. And then every body went up stairs. In a front room, prettily decorated in French taste, we found five men fashionably dressed, bejeweled, and white-handed, like my inviters. But there was a terrible confusion reigning there. The costly furniture had been piled up as a barricade before the windows, mixed with fire-wood, mattresses, and portmanteaus. The five occupants of the room were flushed and heated, with disordered hair, and faces already smeared with black stains of powder. An arsenal of weapons lay about; guns, swords, pistols, ball-pouches, flasks, kegs, bottles, saddles, whips, and boots, all in confusion. One of the party was binding up his arm in an awkward way, as heavy gouts of blood ran trickling down his shirt-sleeve. The two gentlemen who had admitted us came in along with us, making a total of eleven, not reckoning myself.

"Phillips, what accursed folly has brought on all this?" asked Mr. Jones, angrily.

"Keep your temper, Jones," answered the man who had been hurt; "no need to quarrel among ourselves, I guess. The Grand Gulf vagabonds will have all our scalps before sundown."

Jones shrugged his shoulders.

"How did it happen?"

Another of the group answered, "Oh, the old story; Phillips is so tarnation random. He polished off young Edmonds, and they got to blows a few over the card-table, and Phillips gave him a Kentucky pill, and has brought the wasps about our ears."

"Young Edmonds! Do you mean the Judge's son?" asked Jones, with a long face.

"Yes," was the reply; they've taken him into the doctor's, with breath in him yet, and if he recovers—"

"It's all U. P. with us, misters!" cried another man, gazing from the window.

We—I say we, for I was getting a terrible interest in the affair—rushed forward, and saw what haunts my memory still. Carried on a door by several strong men was the dead body of a young man, quite a youth, partially wrapped in a gaudy Indian blanket. An old man, gray-haired and venerable of aspect, was weeping over the passive form, while a crowd of angry men, with clenched fists and brandished weapons, surrounded it. Meanwhile, one tall fellow, carrying on a pole, as if it were some ghastly banner, the bloody shirt of the murdered man, was haranguing a dense mass of human beings, above whose dark heads we saw the ominous glancing of axe-heads and rifle-barrels.

"See what you've brought on us, Mr. Phillips!" said Jones, bitterly, and he ground his teeth as he spoke.

"The pot and the kettle, I calculate!" answered Phillips, sulkily; "better keep your breath to try and cheat the hangman!"

There was a yell from the mob beneath, "Kill 'em! Burn the house over their heads! Forward, bhoys!" And twenty shots were fired, splintering the Venetian blinds and crashing into ceiling and wainscot.

"Stand to it!" cried one of the boldest of the besieged. "Blaze away, gentlemen, and we shall beat 'em yet." The speaker fired a rifle at the broad mark of the crowd; a cry of pain succeeded, and then a savage roar.

In a moment there was firing enough on both sides. The reports were deafening, doors and windows rattled again, the room was full of smoke, and the sulphurous steam of the gunpowder half choked me as I got my back against the wall in a recess between the windows, and awaited in comparative security the issue of the affray. I knew nothing of the quarrel. Trojan and Tyrian were alike to me, only I wished with all my heart that Mr. Jones had been less hospitable, or I less complying. The besieged fought hard, firing incessantly with revolver and gun, while I heard Mr.

Jones encouraging them. But four were already down, wounded, on the floor; one of them mortally hurt, to judge by the blood that bubbled from his lips as he gasped for breath. I knelt beside the poor wretch, to offer such unskillful help as I could afford, when there was a crash, a whoop, and a rush, and the barricade was scaled or forced, and the citizens came pouring in, furious as a storming party. Borne down, trampled, sick, and giddy, I was dragged from the scuffle, and found myself in the street, pinioned, and a prisoner. Beside me were the majority of my new acquaintances, tattered, bruised, and their faces hardly to be seen through their masks of blood and gunpowder. They were all bound and captive.

"Drag 'em forward. Up to the big oak. The court sits theer!" bawled fifty voices; and we were roughly hauled or pushed to a grassy space, where a huge solitary tree spread its branches, while under its shade stood a score of farmers and boatmen, well armed, and I saw with horror a rope and running noose to every branch strong enough to serve as an impromptu gallows.

"Silence for Judge Lynch!" bawled an amateur crier.

A gaunt farmer represented the redoubtable Judge, and addressed the assembly.

"Fellow-citizens, I'm no forky-tongued lawyer, nor yet no stump speaker, but it's easy to clap the saddle on the right hoss. We've had our hosses stole, our niggers 'ticed away, our liquor hocussed, and our dollars spirted out of our pouches. That's bad enough, but when it kem's to blood—"

Here a roar drowned the orator's voice. Next the crier shouted that the jury had been impanneled, and the prisoners must be put to the bar. I was thrust forward with the rest.

"Guilty, or not?" was the stern demand.

Some of them trembled very much. Jones and Phillips were calm, but it was the calm of desperation.

"Guilty, or not guilty?"

"Bring the farce to an end," cried Jones. "You've got us; more ass I to run back into the trap. Do your worst!"

"Are those ropes ready aloft there?" Judge Lynch called out.

"All ready, Judge," was the rejoinder.

"Then, gentlemen of the jury, your verdict."

"Guilty! All guilty!"

The Judge exclaimed, "I kin pass but one sentence. Death! A halter apiece, and a good riddance to the city and State!"

A yell of approval broke forth: we were hustled beneath the tree, and a halter soon encircled every neck. Then I found my voice, and loudly appealed: protesting my entire innocence, and that I was a harmless traveler, an Englishman, and so forth. A peal of incredulous laughter decided my appeal.

"Britishers ain't licensed to rob and murder, ye'll larn to your cost," said an old farmer, who held me.

"Smother the hypocrite!" exclaimed a boatman.

"Did ye hear the cantin', cowardly skunk," cried another fellow.

"Can't ye take pattern by your captain, Jones there, and die like a man?"

My eyes following the man's pointed finger, I beheld the blackened face and staring eyeballs of my late acquaintance, as his struggling body dangled some yards above.

"Now for Phillips," was the cry; and I closed my eyes, not to see the wretch's execution.

"Morgan third; the Britisher fourth!" announced Judge Lynch. "Up with Phillips! Haul and hold."

"Tchick!" cried somebody, with an unfeeling laugh.

"Whisht! howld your sneaking tongue, not to mock the dyin'," sternly replied some honest Patlander hard by.

"Now, Morgan!" was the next summons.

"Hyar's the deputy-sheriff!" cried a voice, as a horse was heard galloping.

"What o' that?" replied another; "the sovereign people ain't to be choused out o' their revenge. Besides, Willy Hudson's a good fellow."

Willy Hudson! All the blood rushed from my head to my heart, and back again, and I tingled from head to foot. *My* name was Hudson—my brother's name was William! One glance was enough, as a sun-browned horseman dashed into the crowd. It *was* Willy—the brother I had come to visit—just in time! I forgot exactly what was done and said. I only know that in about two minutes I was unbound, safe, free, arm in arm with my brother, and that the rough fellows who had been about to hang me were nearly wringing my hand off as they shook it, begging pardon for an awkward mistake. It was not only to me that Willy rendered service: I twitched his sleeve, and begged him to do what he could for the miserable men, whatever their faults, still under sentence. He pushed me into a tavern parlor, shut the door, went out, and left me. I heard shouts, laughter, groans, the applause, the mutterings of a mob. After a long time Willy returned, wiping his face with a handkerchief, very much flushed and disheveled.

"Wagh!" he exclaimed, "what a tough job! But it's done now, though my tongue aches with the talking. I did it for you, George, my boy, and luckily I'm in favor here. Tar and feathers, instead of hanging, and nine-and-thirty with a cowhide, well laid on, will spoil their beauty for one while. But how came you to be with them?"

"First, Willy, tell me what brought you here? I thought the bank at New Orleans—"

"Pooh!" interrupted my Americanized brother; "an old story that! It broke down, paying assets and no more. I'm here, agent for a goods insurance company. I'm doing well, and I'm deputy-sheriff. Didn't you get my letter at New York? But how about your being with those rascals, of whom two have been hanged and four shot, I hear, eh?"

"Why, they told me they were sportsmen, Willy, and—"

"You green-horn!" said my brother, good-humoredly; "were you thinking of fox-hunting or partridge-popping? 'Sportsman,' in America, means sharper, gambler, thief, swindler, gallows-bird!"

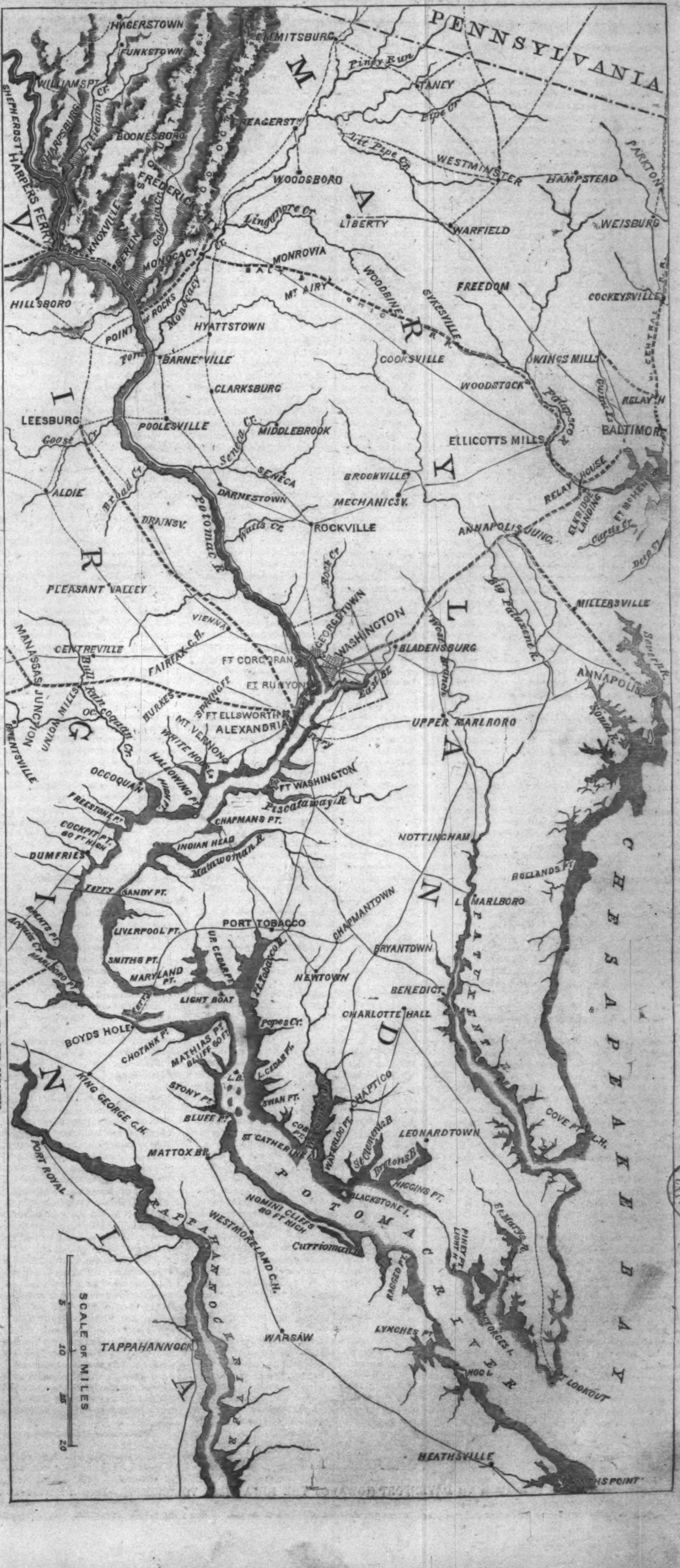
I did not stay long at Grand Gulf.

IOWA VOLUNTEERS.

PAGE 604 we devote to illustrations of the IOWA VOLUNTEERS. Our first picture, from a sketch by Mr. H. C. Ford, of Davenport, represents the RETURN TO DAVENPORT OF THE MEN OF THE FIRST IOWA VOLUNTEERS, who staid beyond their time in order to share the fortunes of the brave fellows who fought under Lyon at Springfield. A Davenport correspondent writes us as follows about their reception:

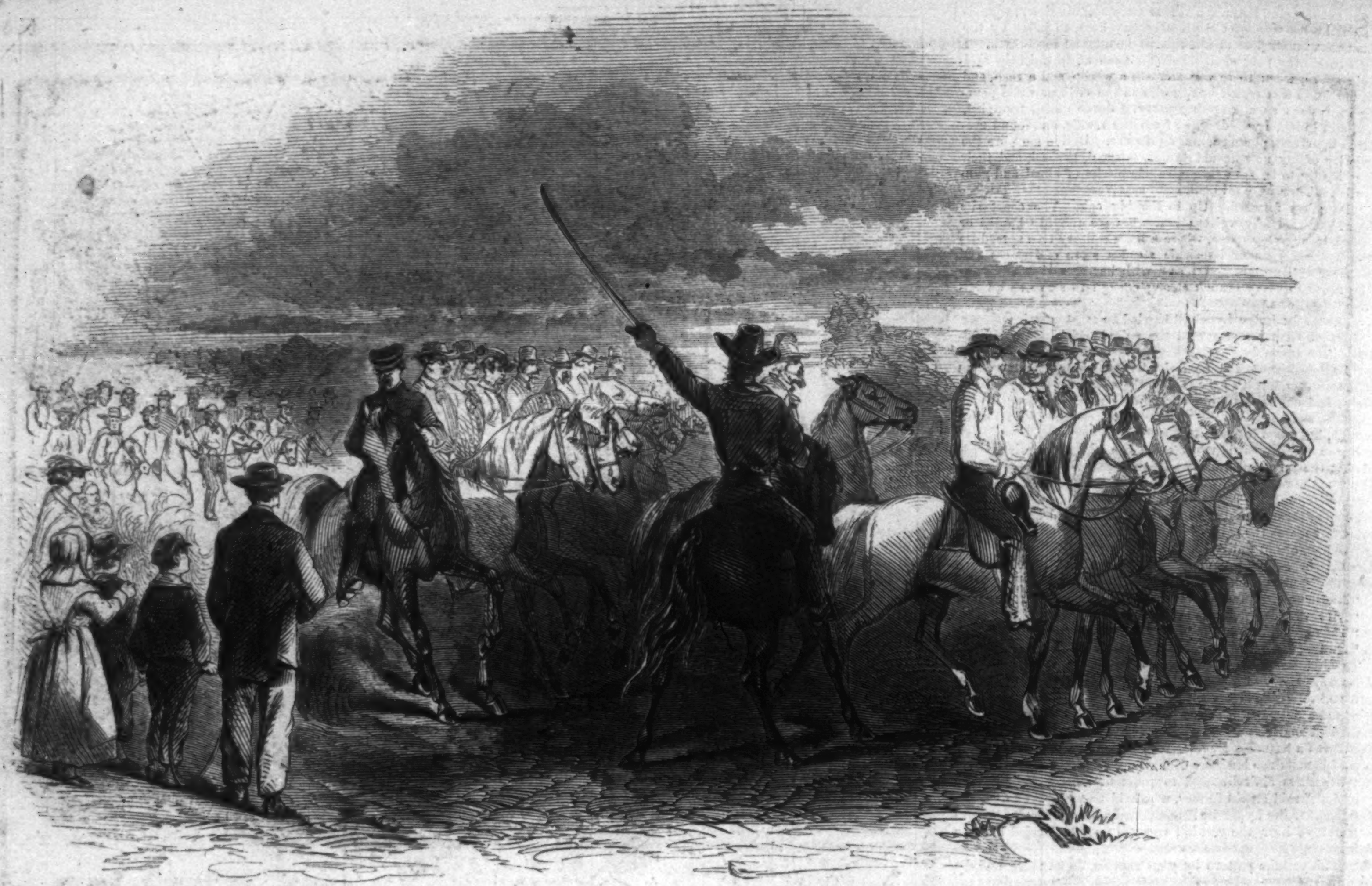
> A procession was immediately formed, consisting of the 1200 soldiers then in Camp M'Clellan (the number has since been increased), the Fire Companies, Turners, and other associations, with many citizens, and thousands in attendance. They passed under the "Triumphal Arch," of which I send a hasty pen-and-ink sketch, which was erected at the corner of Main and Second streets, and through all the principal streets of the city; finally proceeding to the court-house yard, where they were addressed by Judge Dillon, and then partook of a splendid dinner prepared by the ladies.

Our other picture, from a daguerreotype by Mr. T. P. Sharman, of Des Moines, represents the DES MOINES CAVALRY COMPANY leaving for the war. They are to form part of the Second Iowa Regiment, and are a gallant body of men.


PENNSYLVANIA
MARYLAND
VIRGINIA
CHESAPEAKE BAY
POTOMAC RIVER
RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER
HAGERSTOWN
FUNKSTOWN
WILLIAMSPT
SHEPHERDST
SHARPSBURG
HARPERS FERRY
BOONESBORO
FREDERICK
EMMITSBURG
TANEY
Piney Run
REAGERST
WOODSBORO
WESTMINSTER
HAMPSTEAD
PARKTON
WEISBURG
LIBERTY
WARFIELD
Linganore Cr.
KNOXVILLE
BERLIN
MONOCACY
MONROVIA
MT AIRY
WOODBINE
SYKESVILLE
FREEDOM
COCKEYSVILLE
HILLSBORO
POINT OF ROCKS
HYATTSTOWN
BARNESVILLE
CLARKSBURG
COOKSVILLE
OWINGS MILLS
WOODSTOCK
Patapsco
RELAY H
BALTIMORE
LEESBURG
Goose Cr.
POOLESVILLE
MIDDLEBROOK
Seneca Cr.
ELLICOTTS MILLS
ALDIE
SENECA
DARNESTOWN
BROOKVILLE
MECHANICSV.
RELAY HOUSE
ELKRIDGE LANDING
FT. MCHENRY
DRAINSV.
ROCKVILLE
Potomac R.
ANNAPOLIS JUNC.
PLEASANT VALLEY
VIENNA
GEORGETOWN
WASHINGTON
BLADENSBURG
MILLERSVILLE
CENTREVILLE
FAIRFAX C.H.
FT CORCORAN
FT RUNYON
ANNAPOLIS
MANASSAS JUNCTION
BURKES
SPRINGFIELD
FT ELLSWORTH
ALEXANDRIA
UPPER MARLBORO
MT VERNON
OCCOQUAN
FT WASHINGTON
Piscataway R.
FREESTONE PT.
COCKPIT PT.
CHAPMANS PT.
NOTTINGHAM
DUMFRIES
INDIAN HEAD
Mattawoman R.
SANDY PT.
BOLLANDS PT
L. MARLBORO
PORT TOBACCO
CHAPMANTOWN
LIVERPOOL PT.
SMITHS PT.
MARYLAND PT.
BRYANTOWN
NEWTOWN
BENEDICT
LIGHT BOAT
CHARLOTTE HALL
BOYDS HOLE
CHOTANK PT.
MATHIAS PT.
STONY PT.
SWAN PT.
BLUFF PT.
CHAPTICO
KING GEORGE C.H.
ST CATHERINE I.
COVE PT
LEONARDTOWN
MATTOX BR.
PORT ROYAL
BLACKSTONE I.
HIGGINS PT.
NOMINI CLIFFS
WESTMORELAND C.H.
PINEY PT.
RAGGED PT.
LYNCHES PT.
WARSAW
TAPPAHANNOCK
PT LOOKOUT
HEATHSVILLE
SMITHS POINT
SCALE OF MILES
5
10
15
20

FIELD OF MAJOR-GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S OPERATIONS ALONG THE POTOMAC FROM POINT OF ROCKS TO ITS MOUTH.

LIBRA OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MI



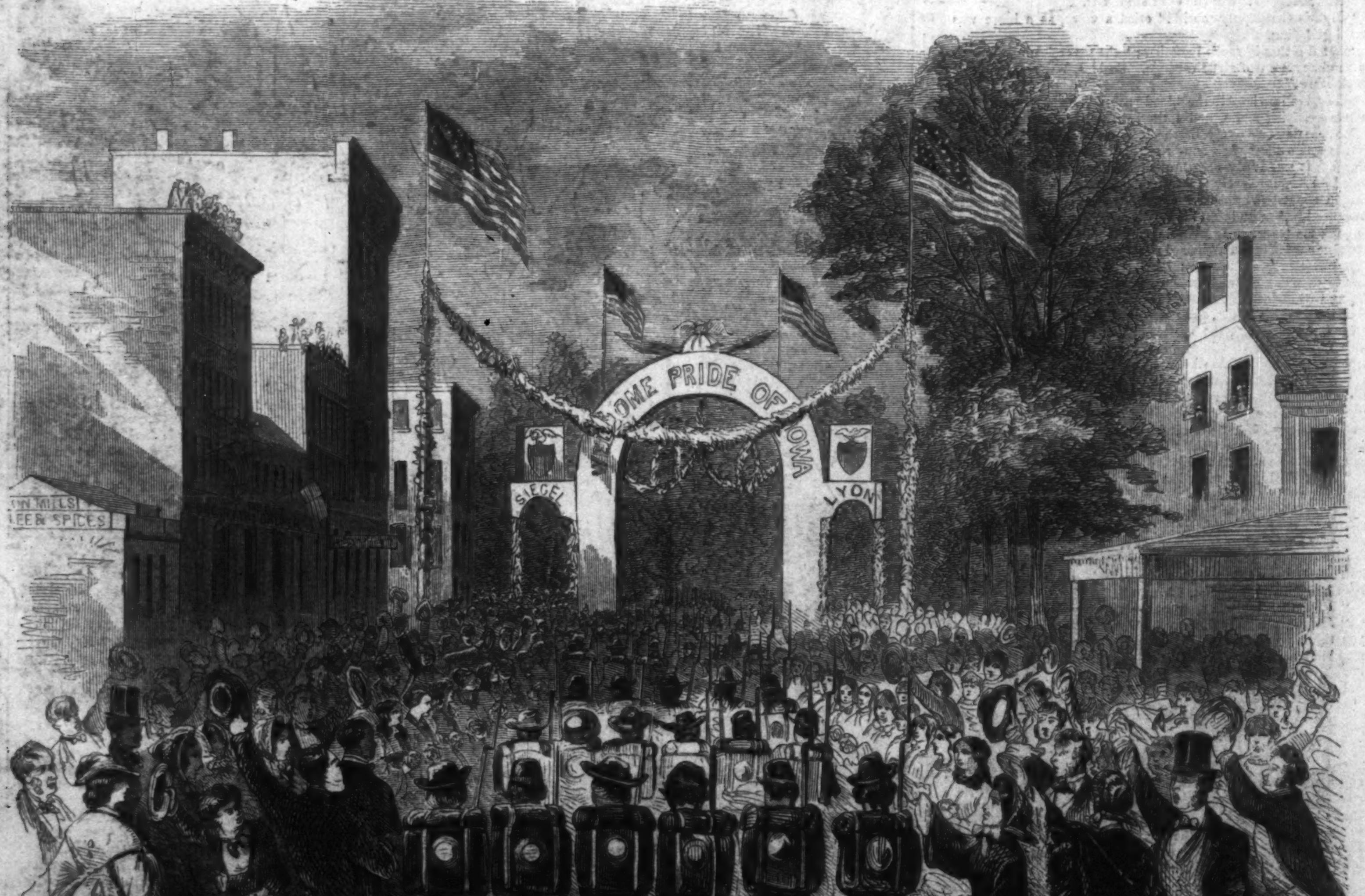
THE DES MOINES CAVALRY COMPANY LEAVING DES MOINES (IOWA) FOR THE WAR.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY T. P. SHERMAN.—[SEE PAGE 603.]

FREMONT'S BODY-GUARD.

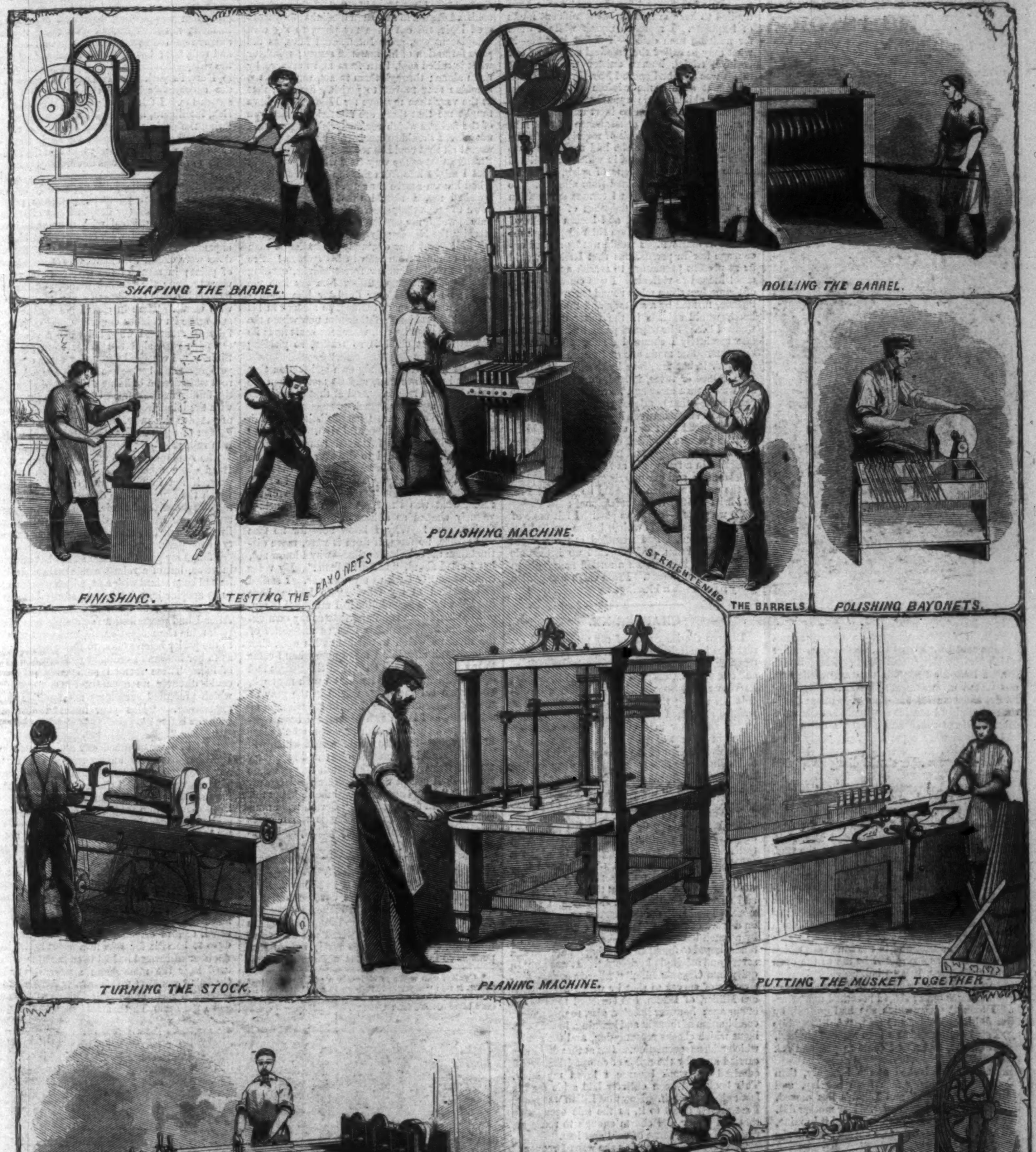
ON page 596 we illustrate the CAMP OF FREMONT'S BODY-GUARD, from an illustration sent us by a Volunteer correspondent from St. Louis, who writes:

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, *August* 30, 1861.

Inclosed please find sketch of Frémont's Head-quarters, Zagonyi's Camp. Frémont's Body-Guard is composed of three hundred picked men, under the control of Captain Zagonyi, a distinguished Hungarian officer, chosen by General Frémont as one of his aids. The camp is situated on the corner of St. Ange and Fourteenth streets—a prominent point, overlooking the entire city. Among the body-guard there is one company of one hundred men from Covington, Kentucky, commanded by Captain James L. Foley, of Covington, a graduate of the Military Academy of Frankfort, Kentucky. The company is made up of the very best material Kentucky could afford; average height, 5 feet 11¼ inches, and measuring 40¼ inches around the breast. Perhaps a greater variety of talent can not be found in any regiment in the entire army. They have a number of lawyers, physicians, musicians, prominent merchants, school-teachers, ministers, three superintendents of Sunday-schools, a noted theatrical performer, and nearly every variety of the mechanical department. Among the notable features of this company is, that a chaplain is selected for each tent, and religious services are held every night, immediately after tattoo is called. The early part of the evening is spent in music from the whole company.



RETURN TO DAVENPORT (IOWA) OF THE IOWA FIRST VOLUNTEERS.—FROM A DAVENPORT CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE PAGE 603.]


SHAPING THE BARREL.
POLISHING MACHINE.
ROLLING THE BARREL.
FINISHING.
TESTING THE BAYONETS
STRAIGHTENING THE BARRELS
POLISHING BAYONETS.
TURNING THE STOCK.
PLANING MACHINE.
PUTTING THE MUSKET TOGETHER
BORING MACHINE
RIFLING MACHINE

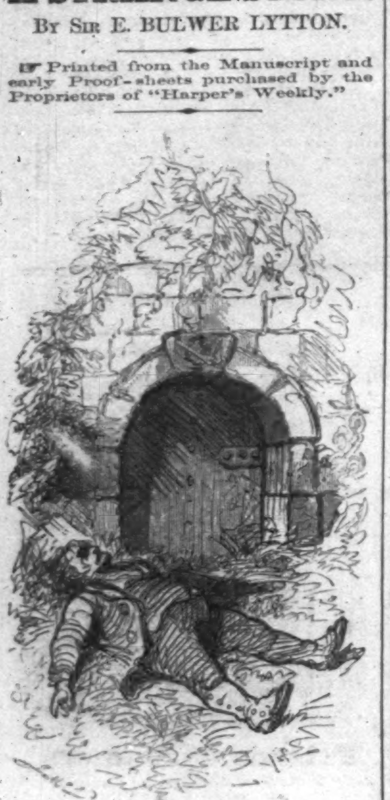
MANUFACTURING MUSKETS,
U.S. ARMORY,
SPRINGFIELD MASS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."



CHAPTER XVIII.

IN spite of the previous assurance of Mrs. Poyntz, it was not without an uneasy apprehension that I approached the cedar-tree, under which Mrs. Ashleigh still sat, her friend beside her. I looked on the fair creature whose arm was linked in mine. So young, so singularly lovely, and with all the gifts of birth and fortune which bend avarice and ambition the more submissively to youth and beauty, I felt as if I had wronged what a parent might justly deem her natural lot.

"Oh, if your mother should disapprove," said I, falteringly.

Lilian leaned on my arm less lightly. "If I had thought so," she said, with her soft blush, "should I be thus by your side?"

So we passed under the boughs of the dark tree, and Lilian left me, and kissed Mrs. Ashleigh's cheek, then seating herself on the turf, laid her head quietly on her mother's lap. I looked on the Queen of the Hill, whose keen eye shot over me. I thought there was a momentary expression of pain or displeasure on her countenance; but it passed. Still there seemed to me something of irony, as well as of triumph or congratulation, in the half smile with which she quitted her seat, and in the tone with which she whispered, as she glided by me to the open sward, "So, then, it is settled."

She walked lightly and quickly down the lawn. When she was out of sight I breathed more freely. I took the seat which she had quitted, by Mrs. Ashleigh's side, and said, "A little while ago I spoke of myself as a man without kindred, without home, and now I come to you and ask for both."

Mrs. Ashleigh looked at me benignly, then raised her daughter's face from her lap, and whispered, "Lilian," and Lilian's lips moved, but I did not hear her answer. Her mother did. She took Lilian's hand, simply placed it in mine, and said, "As she chooses, I choose; whom she loves, I love."

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM that evening till the day Mrs. Ashleigh and Lilian went on the dreaded visit, I was always at their house when my avocations allowed me to steal to it; and during those few days, the happiest I had ever known, it seemed to me that years could not have more deepened my intimacy with Lilian's exquisite nature, made me more reverential of its purity, or more enamored of its sweetness. I could detect in her but one fault, and I rebuked myself for believing that fault it was. We see many who neglect the minor duties of life, who lack watchful forethought and considerate care for others, and we recognize the cause of this failing in levity or egotism. Certainly neither of those tendencies of character could be ascribed to Lilian. Yet still in daily trifles there was something of that neglect, some lack of that care and forethought. She loved her mother with fondness and devotion, yet it never occurred to her to aid in those petty household cares in which her mother centred so much of habitual interest. She was full of tenderness and pity to all want and suffering, yet many a young lady on the Hill was more actively beneficent—visiting the poor in their sickness, or instructing their children in the Infant Schools. I was persuaded that her love for myself was deep and truthful; it was clearly void of all ambition; doubtless she would have borne unflinching and contented whatever the world calls sacrifice and privation—yet I should never have expected her to take her share in the troubles of ordinary life. I could never have applied to her the homely but significant name of helpmate. I reproach myself while I write for noticing such defect—if defect it were—in what may be called the practical routine of our positive, trivial, human existence. No doubt this it was that had caused Mrs. Poyntz's harsh judgment against the wisdom of my choice. But this chiller shade upon her charming nature was reflected from no inert unamiable self-love. It was but the consequence of that self-absorption which the habit of reverie had fostered. To the confidence she had made me as to those visionary deceptions, in which she believed as the truthful impressions of spirit, if not of sense, I cautiously abstained from allusion. To me any approach to what I termed superstition was displeasing; any indulgence of phantasies not within the measured and beaten tracks of healthful imagination, more than displeased me in her—it alarmed. I would not by a word encourage her in persuasions that I felt it would be at present premature to reason against, and cruel indeed to ridicule. I was convinced that of themselves these mists round her native intelligence, formed by a solitary and musing childhood, would subside in the fuller daylight of wedded life. She seemed pained when she saw how resolutely I shunned a subject still in her thoughts. She made one or two timid attempts to renew it, but my grave looks sufficed to check her. Once or twice, indeed, on such occasions she would turn away and leave me, but she soon came back—that gentle heart could not bear one unkindlier shade between itself and what it loved. It was agreed that our engagement should be for the present confided only to Mrs. Poyntz. When Mrs. Ashleigh and Lilian returned, which would be in a few weeks at furthest, it would be proclaimed; and our marriage would take place in the autumn, when I should be most free for one brief holiday from professional toils.

So we parted—as lovers part. I felt none of the jealous fears with which, before we had become affianced, I had trembled at the thought of our separation, and conjured up irresistible rivals. But it was with a settled heavy gloom that I saw her depart. From earth was gone a glory; from life a blessing.

CHAPTER XX.

DURING the busy year of my professional career I had snatched leisure for some professional treatises, which had made more or less sensation, and one of them, entitled "The Vital Principle; its Waste and Supply," had gained a wide circulation among the general public. This last treatise contained the results of certain experiments, then new in chemistry, which were adduced in support of a theory I entertained as to the reinvigoration of the human system by principles similar to those which Liebig has applied to the replenishment of an exhausted soil, viz.: the giving back to the frame those essentials to its nutrition which the frame has lost by the action or accident of time; or supplying that special pabulum or energy in which the individual organism is constitutionally deficient; and neutralizing or counterbalancing that in which it superabounds—a theory upon which some eminent physicians have more recently improved with signal success. But on these essays, slight and suggestive rather than dogmatic, I set no store. I had been for the last two years engaged on a work of much wider range, endeared to me by a much bolder ambition—a work on which I fondly hoped to found an enduring reputation as a severe and original physiologist. It was an "Inquiry into Organic Life," similar in comprehensiveness of survey to that by which the illustrious Müller, of Berlin, has enriched the science of our age; however inferior, alas, to that august combination of thought and learning, in the judgment which checks presumption, and the genius which adorns speculation. But at that day I was carried away by the ardor of composition, and I admired my work because I loved my labor. This book had been entirely laid aside for the last agitated month. Now that Lilian was gone, I set myself down to it, as the sole occupation that had power and charm enough to rouse me from the aching sense of void and loss.

The very night of the day she went I reopened my MS. I had left off at the commencement of a chapter "Upon Knowledge as derived from our Senses." As my convictions on this head were founded on the well-known arguments of Locke and Condillac against innate ideas, and the reasonings by which Hume had resolved the combination of sensations into a general idea, to an impulse arising merely out of habit, so I set myself to oppose, as a dangerous concession to the sentimentalities or mysticism of a pseudo-philosophy, the doctrine favored by most of our recent physiologists, and of which some of the most eminent of German metaphysicians have accepted the substance, though refining into a subtlety its positive form—I mean the doctrine which Müller himself has expressed in these words:

"That innate ideas may exist, can not in the slightest degree be denied; it is, indeed, a fact. All the ideas of animals, which are induced by instinct, are innate and immediate. Something presented to the mind, a desire to attain which is at the same time given. The new-born lamb and foal have such innate ideas, which lead them to follow their mother and suck the teats. Is it not in some measure the same with the intellectual ideas of man?"*

To this question I answered with an indignant "no." A "yes" would have shaken my creed of materialism to the dust. I wrote on rapidly, warmly. I defined the properties and meted the limits of natural laws, which I would not admit that a Deity himself could alter. I clamped and soldered dogma to dogma in the links of my tinkered logic, till out from my page, to my own complacent eye, grew Intellectual Man, as the pure formation of his material senses; mind, or what is called soul, born from and nurtured by them alone; through them to act, and with the machine they moved to perish. Strange, that at the very time my love for Lilian might have taught me that there are mysteries in the core of the feelings which my analysis of ideas could not solve, I should so stubbornly have opposed as unreal all that could be referred to the spiritual! Strange, that at the very time when the thought that I might lose from this life the fellow-being I had known scarce a month had just before so appalled me, I should thus complacently sit down to prove that, according to the laws of the nature which my passion obeyed, I must lose for eternity the blessing I now hoped I had won to my life! But how distinctly dissimilar is man in his conduct from man in his systems! See the poet reclined under forest-boughs, conning odes to his mistress; follow him out into the world; no mistress ever lived for him there!* See the hard man of science, so austere in his passionless problems; follow him now where the brain rests from its toil, where the heart finds its Sabbath—what child is so tender, so yielding and soft?

But I had proved to my own satisfaction that poet and sage are dust, and no more, when the pulse beats no longer. And at that consolatory conclusion my pen stopped.

Suddenly beside me I heard distinctly a sigh—a compassionate, mournful sigh. The sound was unmistakable. I started from my seat; looked round, amazed to discover no one—no living thing! The windows were shut, the night was still. That sigh was not the wail of the wind. But there, in the darker angle of the room, what was that? A silvery whiteness—vaguely shaped as a human form—receding, fading, gone! Why I know not—for no face was visible, no form, if form it were, more distinct than the colorless outline—why I know not, but I cried aloud, "Lilian! Lilian!" My voice came strangely back to my own ear. I smiled and blushed at my folly. "So I, too, have learned what is superstition!" I muttered to myself. "And here is an anecdote at my own expense (as Müller frankly tells us anecdotes of the illusions which would haunt his eyes, shut or open), an anecdote I may quote when I come to my Chapter on the Cheats of the Senses and Spectral Phantoms." I went on with my book, and wrote till the lights waned in the gray of the dawn. And I said then, in the triumph of my pride, as I laid down to rest, "I have written that which allots with precision man's place in the region of nature; written that which will found a school—form disciples; and race after race of those who cultivate truth through pure reason shall accept my basis if they enlarge my building." And again I heard the sigh, but this time it caused no surprise. "Certainly," I murmured, "a very strange thing is the nervous system!" So I turned on my pillow, and, wearied out, fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE next day the last of the visiting patients to whom my forenoons were devoted had just quitted me when I was summoned in haste to attend the steward of a Sir Philip Derval, not residing at his family seat, which was about five miles from L——. It was rarely indeed that persons so far from the town, when of no higher rank than this applicant, invoked my services. But it was my principle to go wherever I was summoned; my profession was not gain, my profession was healing, to which gain was an incident, not the essential. This case the messenger reported as urgent. I went on horseback, and rode fast; but swiftly as I cantered through the village that skirted the approach to Sir Philip Derval's park the evident care bestowed on the accommodation of the cottagers forcibly struck me. I felt that I was on the lands of a rich, intelligent, and beneficent proprietor. Entering the park, and passing before the manor-house, the contrast between the neglect and decay of the absentee's stately hall and the smiling homes of his villagers was disconsolately mournful.

An imposing pile, built apparently by Vanburgh, decorated pilasters, pompous portico, with grand perron (or double flight of stairs to the entrance), enriched with urns and statues, but discolored, mildewed, chipped, half hid with unpruned creepers and ivy. Most of the windows were closed with shutters, rotting for want of paint; in some of the casements the panes were broken; the peacock perched on the shattered balustrade that fenced a garden overgrown with weeds. The sun glared hot on the place, and made its ruinous condition still more painfully apparent. I was glad when a winding in the park road shut the house from my sight. Suddenly, I emerged through a copse of ancient yew-trees, and before me there gleamed, in abrupt whiteness, a building evidently designed for the family mausoleum. Classical in its outline, with the blind iron door niched into stone walls of massive thickness, surrounded by a funereal garden of roses and evergreens, fenced with an iron rail, parti-gilt.

The suddenness with which this House of the Dead came upon me heightened almost into pain, if not into awe, the dismal impression which the aspect of the deserted home, with its neighborhood, had made. I spurred my horse and soon arrived at the door of my patient, who lived in a fair brick house at the other extremity of the park.

I found my patient, a man somewhat advanced in years, but of a robust conformation, in bed; he had been seized with a fit, which was supposed to be apoplectic, a few hours before; but was already sensible, and out of immediate danger. After I had prescribed a few simple remedies, I took aside the patient's wife, and went with her to the parlor below stairs, to make some inquiry as to her husband's ordinary regimen and habits of life. These seemed sufficiently regular; I could discover no apparent cause for the fit, which presented symptoms not familiar to my experience. "Has your husband never had such fits before?"

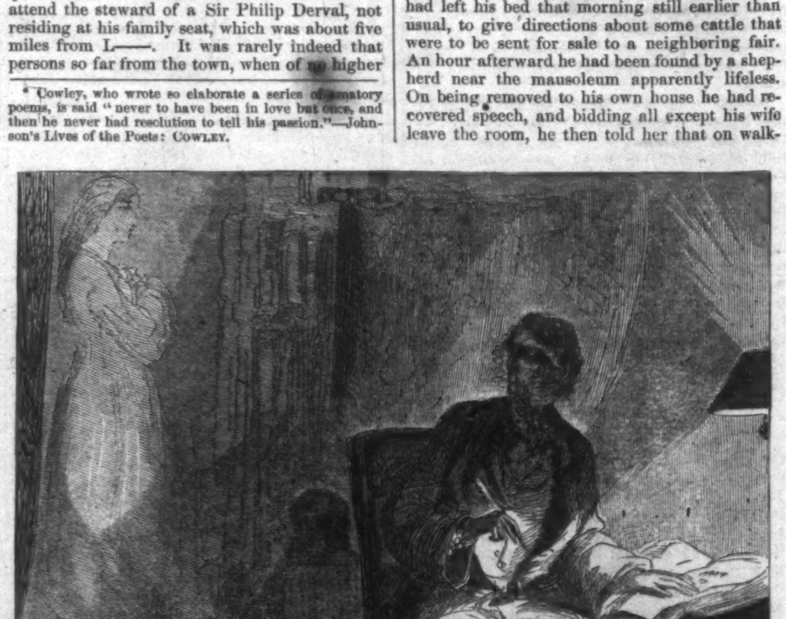
"Never."

"Had he experienced any sudden emotion? Had he heard any unexpected news? or had any thing happened to put him out?"

The woman looked much disturbed at these inquiries. I pressed them more urgently. At last she burst into tears, and, clasping my hand, said, "Oh! doctor, I ought to tell you—I sent for you on purpose—yet I fear you will not believe me—my good man has seen a ghost!"

"A ghost!" said I, repressing a smile. "Well, tell me all, that I may prevent the ghost coming again."

The woman's story was prolix. Its substance was this: Her husband, habitually an early riser, had left his bed that morning still earlier than usual, to give directions about some cattle that were to be sent for sale to a neighboring fair. An hour afterward he had been found by a shepherd near the mausoleum apparently lifeless. On being removed to his own house he had recovered speech, and bidding all except his wife leave the room, he then told her that on walk-



"A SILVERY WHITENESS—VAGUELY SHAPED AS A HUMAN FORM—RECEDING, FADING, GONE!"

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* Müller's Elements of Physiology. Vol. ii., p. 134. Translated by Dr. Baley.

* Cowley, who wrote so elaborate a series of amatory poems, is said "never to have been in love but once, and then he never had resolution to tell his passion."—Johnson's Lives of the Poets: COWLEY.

ing across the park toward the cattle-sheds he had seen what appeared to him at first a pale light by the iron door of the mausoleum. On approaching nearer, this light changed into the distinct and visible form of his master, Sir Philip Derval, who was then abroad—supposed to be in the East—where he had resided for many years. The impression on the steward's mind was so strong that he called out, "Oh! Sir Philip!" when, looking still more intently, he perceived that the face was that of a corpse. As he continued to gaze the apparition seemed gradually to recede, as if vanishing into the sepulchre itself. He knew no more; he became unconscious. It was the excess of the poor woman's alarm, on hearing this strange tale, that had made her resolve to send for me instead of the parish apothecary. She fancied so astounding a cause for her husband's seizure could only be properly dealt with by some medical man reputed to have more than ordinary learning. And the steward himself objected to the apothecary in the immediate neighborhood as more likely to annoy him by gossip than a physician from a comparative distance.

I took care not to lose the confidence of the good wife by parading too quickly my disbelief in the phantom her husband declared that he had seen; but as the story itself seemed at once to decide the nature of the fit to be epileptic, I began to tell her of similar delusions which, in my experience, had occurred to those subjected to epilepsy, and finally soothed her into the conviction that the apparition was clearly reducible to natural causes. Afterward I led her on to talk about Sir Philip Derval, less from any curiosity I felt in myself as to the absent proprietor than from my desire to re-familiarize her own mind to his image as a living man. The steward had been in the service of Sir Philip's father, and had known Sir Philip himself from a child. He was warmly attached to his master, whom the old woman described as a man of rare benevolence and great eccentricity, which last she imputed to his studious habits. He had succeeded to the title and estates as a minor. For the first few years after attaining his majority he had mixed much in the world. When at Derval Court his house had been filled with gay companions, and the scene of lavish hospitality. But the estate was not in proportion to the grandeur of the mansion, still less to the expenditure of the owner. He had become greatly embarrassed, and some love disappointment (so it was rumored) occurring simultaneously with his pecuniary difficulties, he had suddenly changed his way of life, shut himself up from his old friends, lived in seclusion, taking to books and scientific pursuits, and, as the old woman said, vaguely but expressively, "to odd ways." He had gradually, by an economy that, toward himself, was penurious, but which did not preclude much judicious generosity to others, cleared off his debts, and, once more rich, he had suddenly quitted the country, and taken to a life of travel. He was now about forty-eight years old, and had been eighteen years abroad. He wrote frequently to his steward, giving him minute and thoughtful instructions as to the employment, comforts, and homes of the peasantry, but peremptorily ordering him to spend no money on the grounds and mansion, and stating, as a reason why the latter might be allowed to fall to decay, his intention to pull it down whenever he returned to England.

I staid some time longer than my engagements well warranted at my patient's house, not leaving till the sufferer, after a quiet sleep, had removed from his bed to his arm-chair, taken food, and seemed perfectly recovered from his attack.

Riding homeward I mused on the difference that education makes, even pathologically, between man and man. Here was a brawny habitant of rural fields, leading the healthiest of lives, not conscious of the faculty we call imagination, stricken down almost to death's door by his fright at an optical illusion, explicable, if examined, by the same simple causes which had impressed me the night before with a moment's belief in a sound and a spectre—me, who, thanks to divine education, went so quietly to sleep a few minutes after, convinced that no phantom, the ghostliest that ear ever heard or eye ever saw, can be any thing else but a nervous phenomenon.

FAMISHING WOLVES.

I HAD been living for some months in a town on the Volgo, in the centre of European Russia, forty versts from Jaroslav, the government county town. To reach that town I must traverse a wild and uninhabited track, where there were only two small hamlets, at one of which the twenty-verst post-station was to be found, if not buried in snow. My team of three horses, commonly called in Russia "a troika," had been carefully selected from the various stabling establishments in the place: the cost for driver and horses to be three and a half roubles (or about half a guinea, the rouble of a hundred copecks being worth a half-penny or two more than three shillings), which was no great price for such a journey in such weather. Two wolves had been killed in our principal street within a week. One I had shot in my own court-yard the day before we started, and many reports were current of their hunger and unusual boldness. It was even said that a small village, about thirty versts distant, had been attacked by them in force. These facts and stories made me careful about requisite defenses. My six-barrel traveling companion was carefully loaded, and placed in my belt ready for use; a magnificent nine-inch bear-knife in a sheath, and a formidable black-thorn cudgel heavily weighted at the handle, belonged also to my armament. The brandy flask, bag of provisions, bottle of water, matches, cigars, and portmanteau having been stowed away, I was about to step into the open sledge, when a Russian neighbor came up and asked leave to join in the journey to Jaroslav. My neighbor, though a gentleman for whom I had much respect, was the last man I should have chosen as a traveling companion in a narrow sledge, for he weighed over twenty stone, had great difficulty in breathing, and, when once he was seated, almost required horse-power to get him up again. He was a phlegmatic, lazy, good-natured, monosyllabic, cigaret-smoking monster who was not to be refused; so, his request granted, he rolled in on the right side and filled three parts of the sledge. My Russian house servants crossed themselves, whereby they meant, "God give you a safe journey!" The members of my own family cried, "Good-by, God bless you!" and the driver having gathered up the rope reins, I jumped in, and with a noo-noo to the cattle, off we went dead against a blinding drift.

Fat-sides haying observed my weapons, grunted in his own Russian, of which he made the least possible use. "Pistolet. Wolves. Shoot. Good."

"Have you any weapons?" I asked.

"No."

"Well, take this bear-knife."

"Good," he said again, and relapsed into his corner.

Daylight came struggling through the heavy morning clouds, and disclosed a cheerless waste of ridges and valleys of snow. The trees, which at wide intervals indicated the route, did not save us from often plunging into great pits of soft snow the moment our driver turned but a few feet from the track. This took place so frequently, and gave us so much trouble in digging ourselves out, that it was noon before we had made sixteen versts—hardly ten miles—having been six hours on the way.

At this point in our journey the driver sent the blood dancing through my veins by the alarming cry of "Volka! Volka!"—"Wolves! Wolves!" I sprang from my seat, and, looking ahead, saw six great, gaunt, and no doubt hungry wolves, sitting exactly in our way, at the distance of about a hundred yards or less. Our horses had huddled themselves together, trembling in every limb, and refused to stir. We shouted and bawled, but the wolves also refused to stir. My fat friend, gathering a large handful of hay from the sledge bottom, rolled it into the form of a ball, and handed it to me, saying, "Match." I understood him at once. The driver managed, by awful lashing and noo-nooing, to get the horses on, until we came within a short distance of our enemies. By this time I had succeeded in setting fire to the ball of hay, and just as it began to blaze out well I threw it in among them. It worked like a charm. Instantly the wretches parted, three on each side, and skulked off slowly at right angles, their tails dragging as if they were beaten curs. On dashed our brave team—lash, lash—noo, noo.

"Hurrah!" I shouted, with a lightened heart; "we are safe this time, thank God!"

"Wait. Look back," said Fat-sides.

I did so, and I saw the wolves, who had joined each other again in the centre track, pausing, as if to deliberate. Our horses were going at their utmost speed, the driver standing up and using lash and voice with all his might to urge them on to the station, then only about a mile and a half ahead. Luckily the road or track, as far as we could see, was free from drift, and our hope was that we could gain the station before the wolves, should they pursue us. Looking back just as we turned a bend in the track, I saw the whole pack in swift pursuit.

I had often been told that wolves will not attack a party unless in a large pack. Six was no large pack, yet here they were, coming up to attack us; there was now no doubt about that. Hunger through a long and severe winter must have made them daring. With the consciousness of an impending death-struggle, I prepared for the result. My thoughts went for one moment to my wife and children; for another, to the Great Disposer of events. Then, throwing off my sheep-skin coat, so as not to impede the free action of my arms and legs, I sprang on the front seat beside the driver, but with my back to the horses, and my face to the enemy. I said to the driver, "They are coming, brother; drive fast, but steadily. I have six bullets in this pistol. Don't move from your seat, but drive right in the centre of the track." My fat companion sat still in his corner, and neither moved nor spoke; but I saw the blade of my bear-knife gleaming in his hand.

The track had become worse, so that the horses could not maintain their pace. In a short time the wolves ran beside the sledge, the horses strained and shot on, keeping their distance, but in forcing our way through a drift, we came to a walking pace, and the first wolf on my side made a dash at the horse next him. The pistol was within a foot and a half of his head when I fired, and the ball went through his brain. I shouted my triumph in English; my companion echoed it with a "Bravo!" The second wolf received my second fire in the leg, which must have shattered the bone, for he dropped behind instantly. "Bravo!" was again cried from the corner. But the same moment was the moment of our greatest peril. My pistol fell into the sledge, as, with a sudden jolt, our horses floundered up to their bellies in a deep drift; then they came to a dead stop, and there was a wolf at each side of the sledge, attempting to get in.

My bludgeon still remained. With both hands I raised it high and brought it down with the desperate force of a man in mortal extremity upon the head of the wolf on my side. He tumbled over on his back, and the skull was afterward found to have been completely smashed. As I stooped to regain my pistol I was astonished to see my companion coolly thrust one of his arms into the wolf's mouth, and as coolly, with the disengaged hand, drawing the knife, with a deep and sharp cut, across his throat. A peculiar cry among the horses arrested my attention. Looking round, I saw another wolf actually fastened on the off-horse by the neck. The driver was between me and the wolf. He cried, "Give me the pistol!" I did so, and the poor horse was free. So also were we; for the other wolf ran off, followed by the one with the broken leg. The wolf last shot was tumbling among the snow. The driver handed me the pistol to put right, and begged another shot at the brute. This finished the engagement.

I can not tell how I felt. I could scarcely realize our great deliverance. The driver secured the carcasses to the sledge, and when we reached the station I was completely exhausted from the reaction of the strong excitement. My friend of the twenty stone chuckled much at his own trick upon the wolf he had killed. Instead of putting his arm into the animal's open mouth, as I supposed, he had stuffed into it the loose sleeves of his great sheep-skin coat, thereby getting plenty of time to cut the monster's throat. His own arm was untouched. But the poor horse's neck and shoulder were much torn.

After consuming an enormous quantity of tea, and part of our provisions, we left the station, and, without meeting more adventures, except several diggings-out, arrived at Jaroslav at eight o'clock, having accomplished about thirty miles in thirteen hours. Next morning we found ourselves popular characters in the town. The driver's tongue had not been idle. My revolver underwent many an examination. The government or local reward for a dead wolf is three roubles, which we claimed and received for three. So the wolves, instead of killing us, paid our traveling expenses. The fourth animal I caused to be skinned for preservation, as a remembrance of the greatest peril I was ever in.

THE SPRINGFIELD ARMORY.

WE devote page 605 to a series of illustrations of the UNITED STATES ARMORY AT SPRINGFIELD, the largest establishment of the kind in the United States, and one of the largest in the world. It is now a scene of unusual activity and interest.

The weapons chiefly made at this armory are rifled muskets and bayonets. The army rifle, which is known as the Springfield pattern, is now used by the bulk of our volunteers, many regiments having been supplied from the armory since the war began. It is very similar in its principles and construction to the long Enfield rifle, which is considered the best piece in existence by British riflemen. We can not, of course, undertake, in the limits of this article, to give any description of the various processes by which the Springfield rifle is made. It consists of forty-seven separate pieces, all put together with the aid of screws and springs; in the manufacture of these forty-seven pieces no less than 396 separate operations are performed by different workmen. The welding, boring, smoothing, rifling, stocking, proving, etc., will all be best understood from the illustrations. Each operation is conducted by experienced men, under the general direction of the commanding officer; the system of individual responsibility is so thoroughly carried out that every workman accounts to the Government for the value of each piece of work which may prove to be defective through his carelessness or unskillfulness. Thus, one out of every sixty gun-barrels is said to burst when proved. The bursted barrel is instantly examined, the cause of the accident detected by the nature of the rent, and the cost of the barrel charged to the man who had charge of that part of the work.

The manufacture of bayonets is also very active at Springfield. Bayonets, as is known, are now "milled," not ground, and their manufacture is thus rendered less destructive to the workmen. After they are made, they are tested like the muskets—weights are hung from their point, and it is sprung by the inspector with its point on the floor. If it is too highly tempered it will break; if not sufficiently tempered it will bend. In either case the workman must account for its value.

So many rifles and bayonets are now being turned out of the Springfield Armory, that if our armies lost theirs in every battle they could be replaced in a very short time. The new Arsenal at Springfield was built to contain 500,000 muskets or rifles. It was well stocked when the traitor Floyd became Secretary of War; he depleted it to fill the arsenals at the South which have been robbed by the rebels.

INTERIOR OF A SOLDIER'S TENT.

WE are indebted to Mr. W. A. Andrews, of Philadelphia, for the sketch of THE INTERIOR OF A TENT, which we reproduce on page 599. The original sketch was made by Mr. G. W. Andrews, of the Cameron Cavalry, now stationed near Washington, and represents the tent jointly occupied by him and a comrade. It looks comfortable enough.

CAPTURE OF REBEL SCHOONER ARTHUR MIDDLETON."

ON Wednesday, August 20, the United States sloop *Vandalia*, one of the blockading fleet off Charleston, while on a cruise about sixty miles at sea, after a sharp race of some five hours, succeeded in capturing the rebel schooner *Arthur Middleton*, of 110 tons burden, loaded with a cargo of 500 barrels of turpentine, and having on board a crew of eight men. Their names are Charles Barkley, Captain, a native of Charleston; Richard Russel, Irish—says he was a passenger; Stephen Bennet, Mate, Frenchman; William Sims, English, Cook; Benj. Hugan, Irish; William Williams, English; Andrew Stanboe, Denmark; and Joseph Clifton, Canadian—sailors. Previous to being captured they threw overboard about 40 barrels, the deck load, of turpentine, and also some valuable papers, as was learned from a letter found in possession of the Captain, addressed to him by Philip Porcer, once a Lieutenant in the United States Navy, but now connected with the rebel government. The letter stated that, in the event of being captured, the papers accompanying it must be destroyed, as they might tend to implicate him as a privateer. The papers were doubtless blanks of letters of marque, to be used and disposed of after they had arrived in England, and realized on their cargo. When first discovered the saucy little craft ran up the British flag, but after seeing it was impossible to escape pulled it down and set the secession bunting. Our illustration on page 599 represents the little craft as she lay off Charleston in company with the *Roanoke* and *Vandalia*—the crew, prisoners on board the first-named vessel, awaiting transport to be sent North. The vessel and cargo are valued at $10,000. She cleared from Charleston, and ran the blockade at night.

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